



No. 188.—Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1896.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MRS. WALTER WARREN, THE ORIGINAL OF SIR JOHN MILLAIS' "CINDERELLA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



### "MONTE CARLO," AT THE AVENUE.

Why does one go on describing and analysing every "musical comedy" that appears? In all essentials they are alike. They are all in two acts; there is no story to speak of, and what there is is not intelligible; the performers are all more or less popular, and all do more or less what they like.

In the case of "Monte Carlo," one thinks first of the success made by a young low comedian of the feminine sex, not wholly unknown to London, but not before fortunate in an opportunity of distinguishing herself—Miss Lalor Shiel, who represents a music-hall "comique" of the East-End variety. Miss Shiel, who is very happy in her make-up as a sort of 'Arriet, has to sing a species of Coster song which delights both stalls and gallery, less on account of the words or the melody than because of the nods and becks and wreathed smiles with which Miss Shiel accompanies it. On Thursday, when the piece was produced, Miss Shiel had a second ditty, which failed altogether to impress, and for which, one hopes, another has by this time been substituted. It may turn out that Miss Shiel is destined to do for "Monte Carlo" what Miss Freear has done for "The Gay Parisienne." Meanwhile, this latest of musical comedies has the further merit of revealing in Mr. Charles Rock, hitherto recognised only as a useful actor in comedy-drama, a humorist, vocalist, and dancer of very considerable promise. He enacts an Attorney-General with a fondness for the divas of the music-hall, two of whom find representatives in the 'Sisters Belfry'—ladies who, one is assured, are divas of the music-hall in real life. One of them, Miss May Belfry, has a pleasant manner, and shows some capacity for acting. The other, who recites a ditty with the refrain of "If I only knew the way," has the "hall"-mark unmistakably.

For the rest, such old hands as Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. E. W. Garden, and Mr. Eric Lewis are employed in "Monte Carlo" to much advantage, and triumphs are also gained by such young recruits as Miss Emmie Owen, Miss Kitty Abrahams, Mr. W. H. Kemble, Mr. Robb Harwood, and Mr. Richard Green. The last-named and Miss Kate Cutler are the hero and heroine of such story as there is—the commonplace story of a lovers' paltry misunderstanding. Mr. Green's admirable voice is a little too heavy for this sort of work; but he scores distinctly in "I only know I love thee." So does Mr. Kemble in a mock-nautical song. Miss Owen and Miss Abrahams dance very daintily and should have more to do. Among the best things in the piece—the best efforts (besides those mentioned) both of author and composer (Mr. Greenbank and Mr. Talbot)—are a duet on our English indebtedness to French phrases, a song of a General whose horse carries him, willy-nilly, to victory, a descriptive duet for the "Sisters Gelatine," the tale of the Dancing Dean (excellently told by Miss Shiel and Mr. Rock), a hornpipe trio (for Miss Venne, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Rock), a "colour" duet and dance (for Miss Owen and Mr. Garden), and a song in praise of "The Scarlet Coat" (for Mr. Green). Mr. Talbot is always tuneful, and his orchestration is above the average; so, too, are some of the verses of Mr. Greenbank.

### "BOYS TOGETHER," AT THE ADELPHI.

Are boyish resentments, schoolday enmities, carried into the business of after-life? Do lads cherish hatreds, and wait for the day when they can be wreaked upon the objects of them? Probably not many of us have known cases in which this has happened, but it does not follow from that that such cases are unknown. The thing, at any rate, is possible, is conceivable; and, that being so, Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr are justified in making it the basis of a drama. One may thank them, at any rate, for giving us a variation upon the stereotyped *motifs* of Adelphi plays. They have had the courage to get out of the well-worn grooves, and to that extent certainly deserve our gratitude. But they may be congratulated, further, upon the invention of incidents admitting of admirably effective scenic contrasts. They take us in succession from a hotel at Southampton, with its vista and background of masts and funnels, to a city in the Soudan, with its kaleidoscopic blends of colour, to a dark corner of the desert, with its long stretch of landscape in the distance, to the lawn and hall of an English mansion, to a chalet and a precipice in the Tyrol.

Nor is this all for which we have to be grateful to the authors of "Boys Together." Messrs. Chambers and Carr, in daring to escape from some of the conventions of melodrama, have granted to Mr. Terriss, Mr. Abingdon, and Miss Millward some scope for genuine acting. Too often the player in melodrama can be nothing more than automatic, do what he will. He has to say and do the things which he has said and done a score of times before. What wonder that his tones, his gestures, his movements, become formal and uninspired? Give him the opportunity, however, and he will show you that, when called upon, he can be spontaneous and alert. Mr. Terriss's acting in the desert scene of "Boys Together" is the best that he has given to the stage for many a year past. It is reticent, it is natural, it is strong, it succeeds in carrying away the spectator. Note, too, the artistic subtlety of Miss Millward's speech and demeanour after her encounter with Hugo Forsyth, her husband, supposed dead. This is on a very high plane of histrionics, and shows once more that upon ordinary, everyday melodrama Miss Millward is absolutely thrown away. Forsyth himself is so skilfully drawn by the authors that even the "villain" of the piece has the chance of appearing human—a chance of which Mr. Abingdon is no doubt glad to avail himself.

The Earl of Harpenden and Tom Wrike are the quarrelling yet loving old cronies who were last seen on the boards in Mr. Grundy's "Sowing the Wind." Mr. Somerset and Mr. Beveridge are not able, therefore, to do very much with them. Equally straightforward and familiar are the rôles assigned to Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Lablache, and Miss Nesbitt, all of whom do all that is required of them. Miss Kate Kearney and Miss Alice Kingsley likewise fulfil in competent fashion the intentions of the dramatists. There is some little novelty in the conception of a Coster nobleman, but Mr. Harry Nicholls is always Mr. Harry Nicholls.

### A CHAT WITH "CINDERELLA."

The late Sir John Millais chose his models either from the ranks of his personal friends or from some particular beauty or characteristic met with in a stranger. This was the case with the lady who sat to him for his popular "Cinderella." In a pretty house at Richmond Mrs. Walter Warren was kind enough to receive me and to tell me some of her experiences as a model to the late President (writes a *Sketch* representative). My hostess is a sweetly pretty woman, and so free from affectation as to be positively refreshing when one remembers that the greatest British artist of modern times was glad to have her as a subject for at least three of his most popular pictures, for Mrs. Warren also sat for "Caller Herrin'," and for "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen."

Very few minutes suffice to put one in possession of the facts that "Cinderella" is a daughter of the late John Buckstone and sister of the two well-known actors of that name at present on the boards, and she modestly admits to having done something in the histrionic way herself.

"Indeed, I was acting with the Kendals in a piece called 'Good Fortune' when Sir John Millais first saw me. One of his daughters came to the theatre, and on her return home she told her father that 'there was such a dear little girl at the St. James's; he must go and see her.' I was then about twelve years old, and acted the part of a Welsh girl. Sir John came, and then wrote to my mother asking her to bring me to see him. We went to Palace Gate, and he told mother he would like to paint me as 'Cinderella.'"

"Have you any impressions of that first interview?"

"None whatever; but I remember the sittings. I went every day, at half-past ten, for about five weeks. At first mother went with me; but afterwards I went alone. It was a long way, too, for we lived at Norwood."

"Did you find it tiring sitting so long?"

"Very, sometimes; but when Sir John was painting my feet—which, you know, were bare—or my dress, he allowed me to read. He was always most kind to me, and directly I said I was tired he told me to rest. One day, I remember, I felt quite faint and ill. I think the smell of the paint and smoke upset me—for his pipe was never out of his mouth—and he rang for his daughter, who came and took me to her own room and made me lie down for an hour."

"Was Sir John very particular about the way you sat?"

"Not at all; indeed, he often said I was the best model he ever had. He used to take a great deal of trouble about the folds of my dress. You see in the picture that I am slightly bending on my low, backless stool," pointing to a signed proof of "Cinderella" on the wall. "Well, that was the way I used to sit to rest my back, and Sir John said one day, 'That is exactly the position I want; nothing could be better.'"

"Did Sir John give you that proof?"

"Yes; I think it was soon after my marriage. I went to see him, and he gave it me then. He was always nice to me, and wrote me such kind letters."

"He must have been a very hard worker?"

"He worked incessantly. I know, some days, after I had sat to him until late in the afternoon, he would begin upon another model when I left. Sometimes, when he was painting 'Cinderella,' he would sit for quite a long time staring at the canvas, then he would put in one tiny speck of colour, and walk right away to the other end of the studio and look at it. He was, as a rule, very quiet, and did not talk much to me. Another thing which struck me very much was that he never took anything but soup for lunch. I had mine sometimes in the dining-room, sometimes in the studio; and one day I was just going to attack a delicious roly-poly pudding, and Sir John, who was standing near, looked at it quite longingly. 'It looks so nice,' he said, 'I think I really *must*!' and he took up the spoon and helped himself."

"Did many celebrated personages visit the studio during the time you sat to Sir John?" I asked.

"There were many visitors, but only one made any impression upon me, and that was the late Lord Beaconsfield. One day, I was sitting curled up in an arm-chair by the fire in the dining-room, with my bare feet tucked under me. A gentleman was announced, but I took no notice of him. After a few minutes' conversation with his host, he came over to where I was sitting, and, patting my head, said, 'So this is little Cinderella; but where is your pretty red cap?' For in the picture I am wearing this. My impression of him was that he was a dreadfully ugly man, and I mentally contrasted him with Sir John, whose bright blue eyes and fresh complexion I greatly admired. Another fact which filled me with astonishment—although I did not know who he was until afterwards—was the very dirty pair of lavender gloves which he wore."

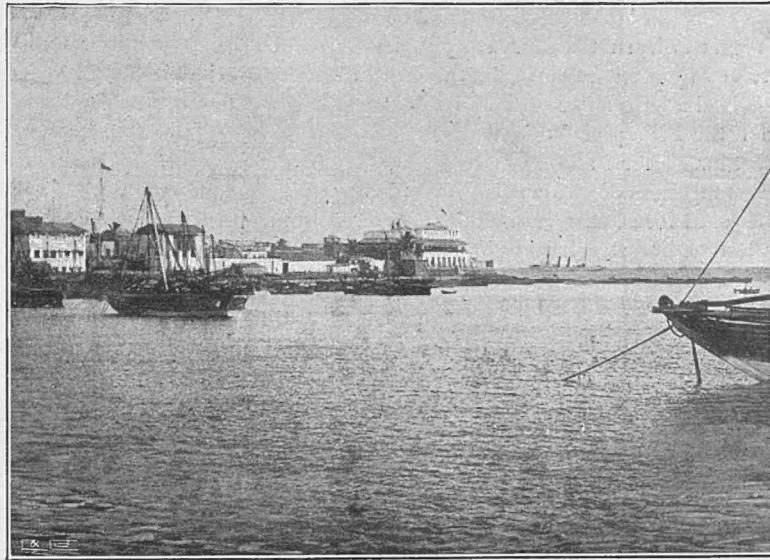
Before taking leave of my sweet-looking hostess, she showed me a beautiful gold locket given to her by Sir John, which he told her to keep in memory of himself and of "Cinderella."



## THE CRISIS AT ZANZIBAR.

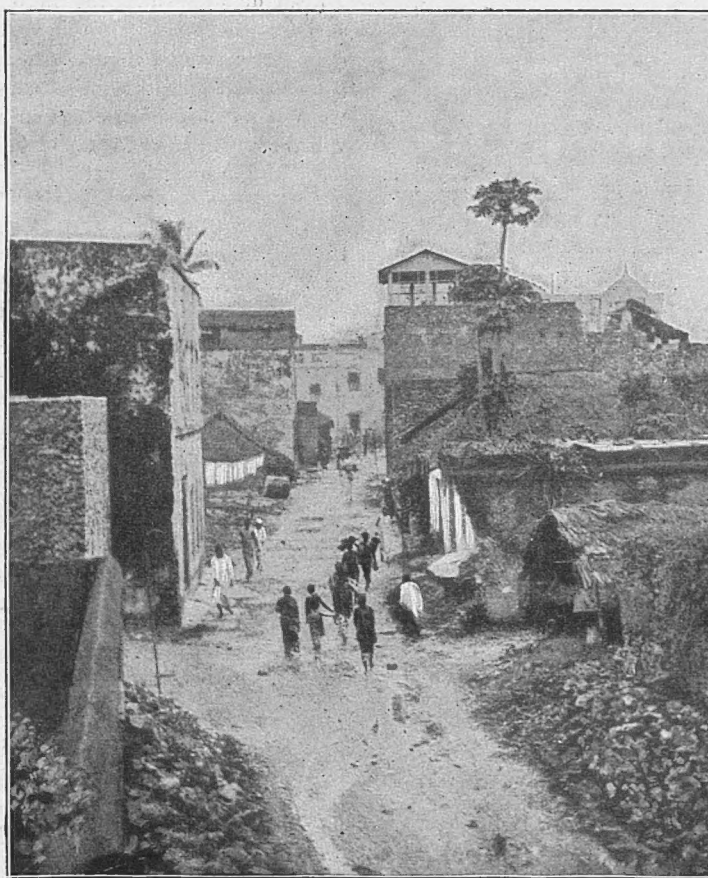


GENERAL VIEW OF ZANZIBAR.



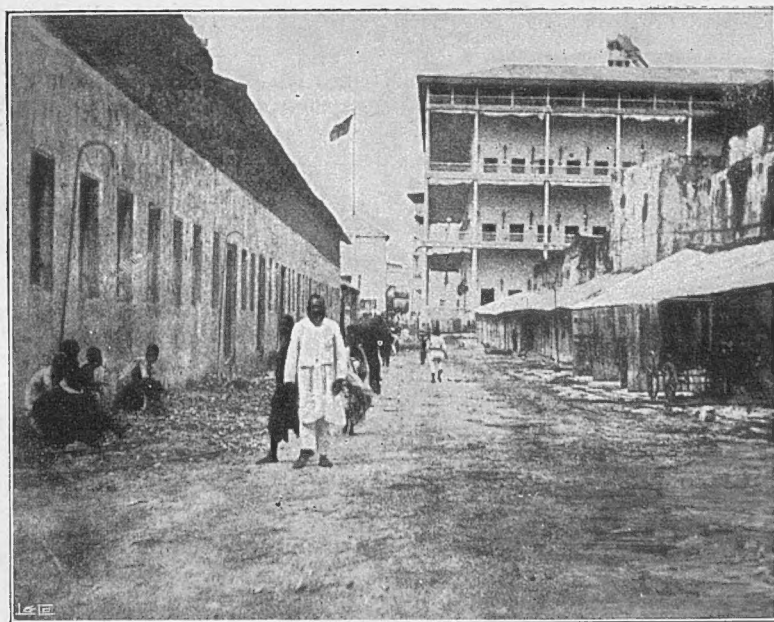
THE HARBOUR AND PALACE.

The small Arabian Principality of Zanzibar has since 1890 been under a British Protectorate. It happened very suddenly, in the middle of last week, that the consular representative of her Majesty, Mr. Cave, in the absence of Mr. A. H. Hardinge, C.B., the Consul-General, successor of Sir Euan Smith and Sir John Kirk, found himself called upon to interfere, upon the unexpected death of Sultan Hamid bin Thwaim, with the rash and violent proceedings of a would-be usurper of the throne. The loyal part of the Zanzibar native army, commanded by General Mathews, stood firm to the cause of the rightful successor, Hamid bin Mohammed bin Sayyid; but a cousin of his, named Khalid bin Barghash, who is the son of a former Sultan, renewed a claim which he had put forth ineffectually in 1893, when the late Hamid bin Thwaim was chosen Sultan, and seized on the palace, aided by the household guards. The British gunboats *Racoon*, *Thrush*, and *Sparrow* were lying in the harbour, and Rear-Admiral Rawson, commander of our naval squadron at the Cape, arrived in the cruiser *St. George*, as his flagship, on Wednesday, Aug. 26, the

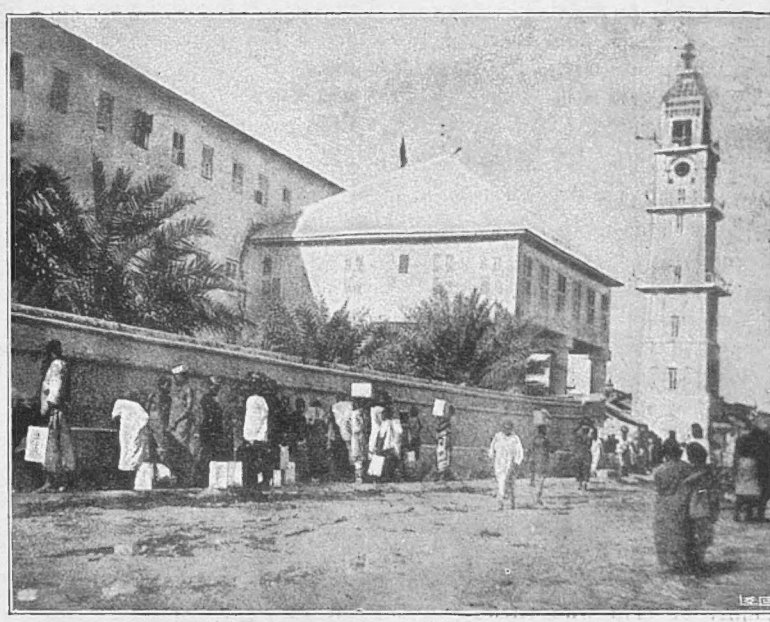


ENTERING THE TOWN.

death of the late Sultan having occurred the day before. Khalid, who is a headstrong young man, about twenty-five years of age, refused to yield to the authority of Hamid, proclaimed himself Sultan, and made a show of holding out in the palace. Early on Friday morning Admiral Rawson sent an ultimatum, giving notice to Khalid that if he did not surrender within two hours, order his men to pile arms, and quit the palace by nine o'clock, the ships would open fire. Instead of complying, the enemy manned the barricades and pointed the guns of the *Glasgow* at Admiral Rawson's flagship. In consequence, at nine o'clock, the bombardment was commenced by the three gunboats, and went on for about forty minutes, till the palace building was set on fire and partially destroyed; the steamer *Glasgow*, having fired on the *St. George*, was speedily sunk by her shot and that from the *Racoon*, but all the crew were saved. The would-be Sultan Khalid, with the chief of his officers, fled to the German Consulate. Sultan Hamid, a peaceful and friendly elderly gentleman, whose rule is acceptable to the better part of the Moslem townsfolk of Zanzibar, has begun his reign.



THE OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AND PALACE, WRECKED IN THE BOMBARDMENT.



THE PALACE AND LIGHTHOUSE TOWER.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

I regret to learn that, far away in Maryland, U.S.A., a worthy man is grieved by some remarks in this page about a certain bishop. I have received a long letter of rebuke, in the course of which it is predicted that the Bishop of Wakefield's hymns and sermons will stimulate the elect long after I and my "tribe" are forgotten. That is very probable. The toughness of sermons is proverbial. Many people, remote from the stream of ideas, still read Blair, I believe; and I am not surprised to hear that a worthy lady in Maryland, a neighbour of my correspondent, afflicted by a pagan husband, who will not allow her to go to church, finds Bishop How's sermons her only solace. She ought to regard her husband's coercion as a blessing in the guise of tyranny; for surely a sermon in the hand is worth two in the pulpit. You can ponder it at your leisure, take a refreshing absence from it now and again, dog-eat-the-leaves, and annotate favourite passages with personal experience and meditation. If the lady in Maryland would only deplore my iniquities on the margin of Bishop How, I might have a chance of transmission to another generation of devout students!

What is this bother about a bishop? It was Dr. How who bought one of Mr. Hardy's novels, threw it in the fire, and then claimed public credit for his arson. If Mr. Hardy, in a moment of extravagant curiosity, were to purchase a copy of the bishop's sermons, he might not find it sustaining, but he would scarcely yearn to see the flames of it mounting the chimney. The impulse to throw things into the fire is shared by bishops with mischievous babies. I understand the passion for toasting an author. A writer in *Cornhill* is eloquent about the making of dry toast, which must be brown and crisp, not burnt nor smoked. Now, I can conceive some enjoyment in taking a very long fork, sticking the bishop's volume at the end, and toasting it at a slow fire till it was very brown; but even then I should scarcely expect it to be crisp and crackling. Toast, says the *Cornhill* savant, should be sufficient to itself; you must not put a slur on it by eating it with marmalade; but I am afraid the episcopal toast would never go down without the help of some worldly provocation of the palate. A pot of Mr. Hardy's best ginger might be serviceable in such an emergency. I recommend my correspondent in Maryland to try this experiment before he favours me with another homily.

Of course, it is always perilous to criticise the monopolists of the higher life. Here is Mr. Gladstone, who, for a theologian, has an astonishing openness of mind, humbly disclaiming any intent to analyse the "mysticism" of M. Huysmans. He confesses to a little "stumbling" in his reading of Mr. Kegan Paul's translation of "En Route." A man of his intellect and strong sense could scarcely accept, without occasional wonder, the views of human nature which are assigned to M. Huysmans' Trappists. But Mr. Gladstone is so far subdued by the "mysticism" that he declares it to impose "modesty and reserve" on M. Huysmans' critics. This dictum would be the more impressive if we could all perceive those qualities in the French author, and if the "mysticism" which suspends Mr. Gladstone's judgment appealed to the sound instincts of humanity, instead of exciting the suspicion that it is a masquerade of a morbid and even revolting folly. I do not perceive any obligation on critics who are acquainted with M. Huysmans' writings to treat this purveyor of grotesque and nauseous hallucinations as a high priest of a pure and elevating worship. If Mr. Gladstone will pursue this unedifying subject a little further, it may strike him that the "mysticism" is a mere literary trick, which utilises absurd legends of imaginary saints to pique the senses of a Parisian voluptuary.

Lord Rosebery has written a letter which takes us, happily, to a different atmosphere. He wants a Scottish memorial of Louis Stevenson, and suggests that posterity will accuse Scotland of grave neglect if one of the most distinguished of her sons does not receive a national monument. This means, I presume, a statue, and one can imagine a very spirited composition in this line. The figure of the romancer lends itself to picturesque treatment in marble; and below him, on the pedestal, we might have Alan Breck, the Master of Ballantrae, Long John Silver, and David Pew, tapping his blind way with that infernal stick. A hint of Samoa, too, would not be amiss in the hands of a sculptor who could catch the inspiration of the theme. Stevenson has a better chance of impressing his personality on us in this way than many eminent men to whom has been denied the necessary exterior. London is full of images which convey no idea of the manner of man who silently invites our homage. Gambetta comes

near the ideal in that striking group near the Tuileries; but the only completely successful statue I have ever seen is Admiral Farragut's, in Madison Square, New York. It is a living embodiment of courage and command; your imagination at once summons up the old sailor in the heat of battle—cool, resolute, with clear vision of his adversary's purpose and his own, the veritable spirit that directs the storm of war; and in an instant the prosaic surroundings vanish—houses, tram-cars, telegraph-wires—and you hear the thunder of the batteries at New Orleans as Farragut's ships force the passage that was thought impregnable.

Sculpture achieves this effect so seldom that I sympathise with M. Rodin, who was commissioned eight years ago to make a statue of Balzac, and has not yet begun it. The subscribers are impatient; some of them probably regard the sculptor as a superior stonemason—the sort of artisan who executes emblems for tombs with neatness and despatch; and they must be wondering what there is in the well-known features of Balzac to cause all this irresolution and delay. With a little putty and a few old prints, any decently educated modeller ought to produce a passable image of that magician in the course of a morning. M. Rodin treats the subscribers with silent contempt, and goes on brooding over his theme. Perhaps he is carefully reading the whole "Comédie Humaine," a task which alone would occupy eight years or more, in the hope of evolving a monumental shape which shall symbolise to the eye that amazing series of romances. In Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin," the hero possesses an uncanny talisman which shrinks whenever it gratifies his wishes. M. Rodin may have an equally malevolent charm which has given him the idea for his statue, and left him incapable of putting it into execution. If some sculptors we wot of had been stricken with the same palsy, a good deal of valuable earth would not now be groaning under pedestals of pretentious stone and bronze.

Lord Rosebery's fear that posterity will be ashamed of Scotland if there is no memorial of Stevenson beyond his books may be a little exaggerated. If Stevenson is still read fifty years hence, that will be a sufficient trophy; and if he is forgotten, in what sense would a pile of marble serve as a reminder? Besides, what is to prevent posterity from raising a statue, if it be so disposed? Sterne has been dead more than a century; but no statue is needed to keep his memory green, for his influence in our literature is still manifest. His genius operates on the writers of books, not on the readers; and as this is likely to be the fate of Stevenson to some extent—the fate of all weavers of fables who are more literary than popular—sculpture in his case is equally superfluous. When a man's books become caviare to the general, a statue of him has a pathetic helplessness which makes me shudder. I lie awake at night thinking of all the statues in London weirdly assembling in Hyde Park to discuss their sad position. I hear a steady tramp under my windows, shaking the sashes, and I know it is the ghostly procession of sooty pillars, bearing banners with the inscription, "For Heaven's sake, pull us down!" Have you ever thought of the awful loneliness of a statue amid the daily turmoil of public neglect? With what wistfulness he looks down on the careless tide beneath him, his oblivion bitterly accentuated by his silent and unheeded presence! Yes, I expect to hear that the outcome of the deliberations of statuary in the Park is a petition to the House of Commons for the early interment of the petitioners!

The gentleman who keeps a Private Diary in *Cornhill* has the temerity to affront the Omar Kháyyám Club. He is "told" that FitzGerald's "tomb is now a place of pilgrimage, I suppose to young gentlemen who think the quatrains of Omar Kháyyám the last word in the criticism of life." "The pity of it, that FitzGerald should have sacrificed so exquisite a literary gift to refurbishing such antique pessimism, and the irony of it, for a man who was always censuring Tennyson for his effeminating sentiment and calling on him for trumpet blasts." Young gentlemen, indeed! Effeminating sentiment and antique pessimism! What do the hoary sages of the O.K.C. say to that? It is their duty to invite the calumniator to the next Club dinner, and mingle his blood with the chianti!

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some  
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

I can promise the Diarist a bad time with the "loquacious Vessels," and even worse with the listeners who will fix him with a horrid gaze over the rim of the uplifted bowl. He will find the pessimism we distil from Omar extremely fresh and modern, and the sentiment almost painfully robust. As for FitzGerald, he is a glorified example of a writer who lives in a masterpiece without the help of a statue.





BAILIFF (a little the worse for drink, taking inventory): One—hic!—revolving carpet.



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## A LITERARY BANK-MESSENGER.

Last Thursday, while going from St. Clement Danes to Charing Cross  
in a 'bus, I met a smart-looking young man, wearing a white tie,  
immaculate linen, and brass buttons on his coat. He was a bank-m—;  
no, not a bank-manager; certainly not a bank-manipulator. He was a  
bank-messenger; he sat in the top corner with his back to the light, and  
pulled out of his breast-pocket—no, not untold wealth, not even untold  
stories!—he pulled out two thin books covered with pale-blue paper—  
"Penny Popular Novels." One was "Little Em'ly," the other was  
"Ben Hür."

I read "Ben Hür: a Tale of the Christ," years ago in California on a  
ranche—not the sort of ranche you read about, but the sort of ranche  
you see, a ranche all among the grapes and olives and palms; I read it  
lying in a hammock, soothed by the song of the cical, overshadowed by  
perfumed waving acacias and mimosas, in a land of orange-groves and  
sweet scents, in a land of oil and wine—especially wine—where  
everything, even to the cabbages, was cooked in wine, and when one  
wanted a pick-me-up one bathed in wine: the San Anita Ranche, one  
of the up-to-date paradises owned by Baldwin the Lucky, of San  
Francisco—a ranche where one did nothing all day, and sat about  
in the moonlight all night playing the mandoline, also the fool; where  
everybody went to bed when they liked, got up when they liked, or not  
at all, just as they liked. It was an ideal time, a *dolce far niente* of the  
first water, a dreamful life of endless luxury. But this sort of thing is  
fatiguing; one soon gets too tired.

It was like a cold douche rousing up at Charing Cross and seeing as  
my *vis-à-vis* in the 'bus "Ben Hür" in his pale-blue wrap. For the life  
of me I could not recollect who wrote it. This was maddening; so I  
grabbed the safety strap, and, depositing myself softly by the side of the  
astonished messenger, said, "Excuse me, but would you allow me  
the name of the author? I forget it." He turned the book over.  
There it was—"Lew"—"Lew Wallace." Of course; how stupid of me  
not to remember! When—but there, that's another tale.

Fancy, as I was getting out, my bank-man—I mean messenger—  
spoke: "Pardon me, won't you take it?" said he, handing me the book.  
"No, really?" said I. "You mean I am to have it?" "If you please,"  
said he, and I did please. I think it was just perfectly lovely.

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Fares—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s. Return: One Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s.—  
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FOR full particulars see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes and  
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## SMALL TALK.

Among the brilliant group of Imperial and royal ladies who will be gathered together at Balmoral, as the Queen's guests, during her Majesty's entertainment of the Czar and Czaritza, there will be only one by whom the gentle delights which lie hidden in a delicately fragrant cigarette are appreciated—the charming and clever Duchess of Connaught, who, within the bounds of moderation, of course, persistently offers up incense to Nicotiana. When her Royal Highness recently visited Russia with the Duke, for the Imperial Coronation festivities, quite a little store formed part of her personal belongings, and no lady at the Court enjoyed her nerve-soothing cigarette more keenly than the Duchess. Despite this somewhat “progressive” habit, however, a more womanly woman than her Royal Highness does not breathe.

It is well that *lèse-majesté* is practically an unrecognised misdemeanour in this land of liberty, or who shall say what might be the fate of the subtle snapshotter who “took off” a royal group recently, and is now reaping a harvest from the exhibition of the result of his bold stroke as a living photograph *à la cinématographe* at one of the music-halls? If one touch of nature veritably makes the whole world kin, the popular affection for the Prince of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark should be greater than ever, now that the cinématographe has revealed the heart-stirring fact that their Royal Highnesses so far share the common weaknesses of humanity as, in the case of the Prince, to occasionally lift his hat and gently titillate the epidermis of the royal cranium, while the charming Princess adjusts the frill around her neck with all the solicitude of any other lady anxious to know that she is “all right” in the eyes of the world.

It is so long since the Princess of Wales visited Homburg that her presence there the other day made quite a sensation. The Prince almost invariably visits the place *en garçon* for his annual cure; but nothing could be quieter than the life of his Royal Highness during his stay, as he knows well the value of regular and early hours after the wear-and-tear of the season. The Prince is generally taking his two tumblers of the hot medicinal water, with the “flavour of a warm flat-iron,” as Sam Weller put it, by about half-past seven in the morning, and from the midday *déjeuner à la fourchette* to the after-dinner hour listening to the band at the Kurhaus; nothing could be less eventful or more restful than his Royal Highness's placid day. It is good news, by the way, that, although he has had a particularly busy “season,” the health of the Prince is better than it has been for years; and the varicose veins,

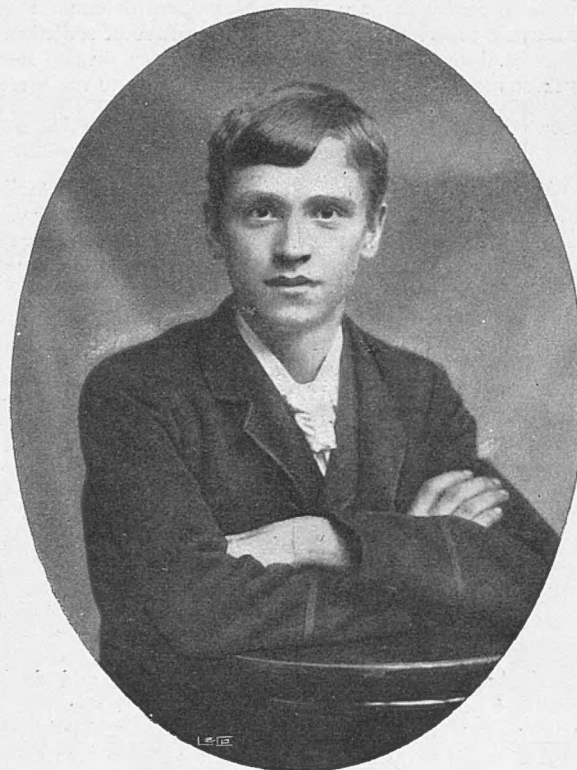


JARVIST ARNOLD.

which often necessitate considerable care in regard to the amount of walking and standing done by his Royal Highness, are also less troublesome than they have been for a long time.

To be an Englishman is a warrantable boast; to be a Yorkshireman is a still prouder one, for so many good men and true have hailed from the “county of many acres.” Among these young Leonard Steele, a native of Doncaster, may be numbered for his deeds of bravery in saving life

from drowning. He is now only sixteen, yet he has already saved seven lives, commencing his humane exploits at the early age of ten. Leonard's uncle was a redoubtable swimmer. Probably the account of his feats had its influence on the boy, who even at six practised the breast-stroke on the



LEONARD STEELE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

kitchen table. A little later his uncle's training became more practical, for he was taken by him to the Hoxton Public Baths, and so soon learned to swim. Leonard Steele's first adventure as a saver of life was in the Lea, when he rescued his little brother, without knowing for whom he was risking his life. His next success was scored in rescuing a drunken man who, while fooling about on the diving-board at the Victoria Park Bathing Lake, fell in, and would have perished had not Steele plunged in, swum across, and seized him.

The scene of his next feat was the Regent's Canal. Here he saved a boy of six when he himself was only twelve. At another time he rescued his friend, Jim Turmain, who, while swimming, got into difficulties and sank twice before Leonard dived and helped him to the shore. His fifth rescue was of a boy who, having laid hold of a sailing-barge, and finding himself being sucked under, cried for help. Steele jumped in at once, and, with some difficulty, rescued him from his perilous position. About six months ago Leonard Steele saved a young man who had got out of his depth in the Carpenters' Institute Swimming-bath, and the saving of Bill Cardy, a lad of seventeen, made the seventh life. His latest effort was the recovering of Richard William Bartram's corpse, for life was extinct when Leonard, after diving three times, fetched out the body.

There has just passed away at Dover, full of years and honours, Jarvist Arnold, coxswain of the Kingsdown lifeboat, one of those gallant men who have been so well styled “heroes of the Goodwin Sands.” For twenty years Arnold held this arduous post, and during that period the Kingsdown boat was the means of saving considerably over a hundred lives. One of the most remarkable rescues in which he participated was in the great gale on the night of Feb. 12, 1870, when practically every vessel which had taken shelter in the Downs was wrecked. Among these was the ship *Glendura*, to the assistance of whose crew the Kingsdown men went. The weather was so bitterly cold that the spray froze as it was blown off the sea. Four journeys had to be made, and so terrible was the weather that a fresh crew had to be obtained for the lifeboat on each occasion; but Jarvist Arnold stuck to his post throughout, and the result of that night's effort was the saving of twenty-nine lives. Another trying experience for the gallant old lifeboatsman was when the steamer *Sorrento* was wrecked on the Goodwins on the night of Dec. 17, 1872. The Kingsdown and Walmer boats put off to the vessel, and, after great difficulty, seven of the lifeboatsmen from each boat were put on the *Sorrento*, including three of Arnold's sons, to render any assistance possible, such as lightening the vessel. It soon became evident that the *Sorrento* was breaking up, and the Walmer boat in endeavouring to get alongside was dashed against the steamer and disabled. Undaunted by this catastrophe, Arnold put his boat towards the vessel, and, after some hairbreadth escapes from being smashed, the lifeboat successfully took off the forty-six persons clustered on the bridge of the steamer, which broke up almost immediately after. Arnold was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard at Kingsdown, near the scene of so many of his gallant deeds.



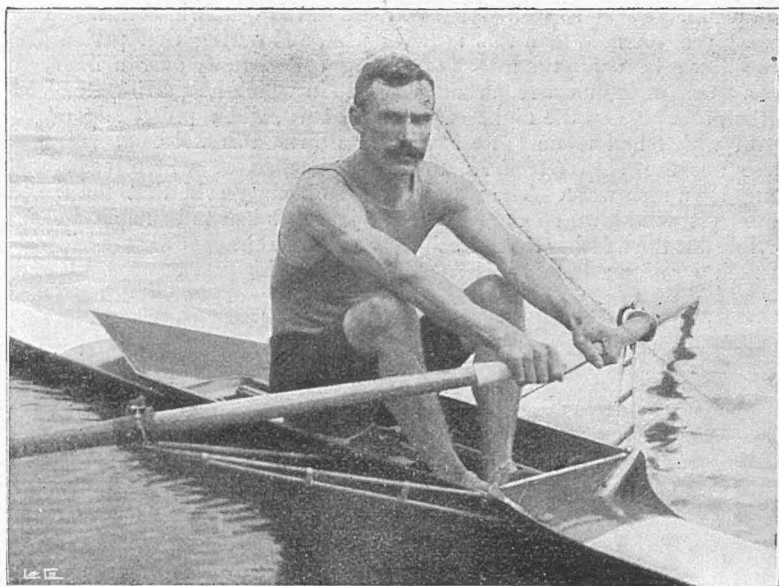
There is no doubt at all that the coming wedding between Princess Hélène of Montenegro and the Prince of Naples is one of sentiment. The Prince has been *épris* for a year past, and has hesitated to speak only because of his almost morbid sensitiveness upon the subject of the *bossu* tradition, declaring that he, at all events, would not run the risk of giving Italy a hunchback King. But all this acute sensitiveness is over now, and the marriage promises to be a very happy one. It was all very well for a cynic to say that marriage is the grave of sentimentality; because the parties, like Cicero's Augurs, cannot carry on the farce and keep their countenances. But sentimentality is not quite the same thing as sentiment. One is the child-wife Dora, the other the wise, gentle, devoted Agnes of married life.

It is to be hoped that Philippe of Orléans has sown his last wild oats, and that, after his marriage, he will settle down to play the not unprofitable rôle of Pretender to the French Throne. His engagement to the austere, highly intelligent, and wealthy Austrian Archduchess is probably the outcome of the vast strides which Prince Henry of Orléans has lately made in the goodwill of the French nation. Such a halo of romance surrounds the memory of Marie Antoinette that the future Duchess of Orléans will receive a specially enthusiastic welcome, in her quality of Austrian Archduchess, from that section of the French Legitimists who have held somewhat aloof from the Orléans family. Prince Henry has always had the considerable advantage over his cousin of being able to travel at will all over France; but in future the Duke of Orléans, though forbidden to visit France in person, will be ably represented by his clever Duchess, who is already arranging for an active Royalist propaganda. Indeed, it is not improbable that one of her first acts as Queen of France *de jure* will be to revive the White Rose League, founded, in happier days, by the Comtesse de Paris, in avowed imitation of the Primrose League.

Princess "Maritza" has many friends in England, and during the wedding festivities of her cousin, Hélène d'Orléans, she insisted on being shown over several of our most successful charitable institutions. The marriage has been brought about by Princess Clementina of Orléans, the bride-elect's grandmother, and it is no small triumph for her that the wedding will take place in Vienna under the direct patronage, as it were, of the Emperor of Austria.

I see that the late Duke of Hamilton's personal estate has been valued at £312,890, which means a pleasant windfall for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By the time she is of age, Lady Mary Hamilton, the late Duke's only child and heiress, will be one of the richest women in the world. Her little ladyship, who will be fourteen next November, may claim the French title of Duchess of Châtellerault; but the case would probably have to go to the Lords. Since her husband's death the Duchess of Hamilton—she has not as yet been obliged to adopt the term Dowager—and her young daughter have led a very quiet existence either at Easton, Lady Mary's beautiful Suffolk house, or on the island of Arran, which is also part of her property.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who is, it will be remembered, the eldest daughter of the present Duchess of Devonshire, is devoted to horses and to dairy-farming. Her model dairy at Easton, erected shortly after her marriage from plans suggested by herself, is probably the most practical and dainty building of the kind in the British Isles. The floor of the dairy itself is tiled in the late Duke of Hamilton's racing colours—grey and pink—and the Hamilton and Manchester crests and "coats" enter largely into the decorations. The Duchess is very fond of Scotland, and has arranged that her daughter shall spend a portion of each year in the North, where Lady Mary is very popular among her own people.



JAKE GAUDAUR.

Photo by Gordon, High Street, Putney.

Mr. J. C. Barry and Mr. P. Kroman, members of a Californian athletic association, are determined to revert to ancestral methods of locomotion. Equipped with spectacles, pneumatic knee-pads and hand-rests, they are to journey on all fours from California to New York. By travelling in this peculiar way they will possibly win a wager, establish a record, gain *kudos*, and develop cramp and rheumatism. People who do not pause to think will laugh at the idea; I hold it in some respect. Many years ago, while attending a Gresham Lecture



(as is ever my wont), I heard no less an authority than Doctor Symes Thompson declare that walking about in manner depicted here would probably lengthen life. So far as memory may be relied upon, I recall his remarks, in which he stated that the upstanding attitude strains the heart. Clearly the lower creation does wisely and well in refraining from the development of hands. Now, after the long years have rolled away, the great scholar's theory may be put to the test; in a future decade we may have abolished hands as useless and dangerous. The valiant but comical-looking gentry doing a crawl in this paragraph may ultimately point a moral and develop a tail. I wish them all success in an attempt that shows them gifted with just double the usual amount of understanding. I bid them go on and prosper; theirs is a glorious future, in which neither horse nor ass will have advantage over them. When long practice has brought about perfection and development, they may be tempted to this great city to let Londoners see their remarkable feat; while, should the attempt fail, their claim on humanity's polite attention will not be forfeited.

Lady Sholto Douglas is tired of Arizona. She has left his lordship there, busy making a hole in the ground, living on cacti fruit and the hope of making a big "clean up." She says, in deference to the wishes of the Marquis of Queensberry she has left the stage for *ever*, and that it is not true she made her success at Tony Pastor's in New York by dropping her—well, her garter on the stage. It is true a member of the New York Press presented to her a garter set with diamonds; but "she knows enough to get out of the rain, and would not drop it—anywhere." She also says that since that story got about, all the variety actresses from the Atlantic to the Slope have been dropping garters. Lady Sholto is staying with "momma" (Mrs. Addis) now, in Oakland, California, and writes: "We're all going to try and get the lord to join us and make his home here. I can't live in that Arizona weather, and it's no use trying."

Apropos of Bishop Potter, who on Tuesday celebrated the Vanderbilt-Whitney marriage in the Gold-Room at the "Breakers," Newport Beach: crossing the Atlantic, August '86 or '87, one day on board the steamer the causerie, chatter, or conversation turning on theatres, a distinguished-looking but to me unknown gentleman asked me what I thought of Mrs. Brown-Potter (as she was at that time). I thought then, as I do now, that Mrs. Potter has more dramatic instinct in her little finger than more-talked-about and notorious people have in their whole body, and so I told him. "I am very glad to hear that," said he in a rather stately way. "I am Bishop Potter, of New York; Mrs. Brown-Potter is my niece; and though I don't advocate anyone going on the stage, still I think everything that is worth doing is worth doing well. There, you see, if I had rehearsed the scene I could not have done better."

Mr. David Williamson has just issued through Messrs. Poulton and Son a very charming booklet containing an interesting account of the personnel of the forthcoming Festival of the Three Choirs at Worcester. The little volume is daintily illustrated with portraits and views, and will doubtless find much favour with the Festival's visitors.

Madame Sarah Grand is staying at the Burford Bridge Hotel, beside Boxhill. It is a wayside inn which outdoes many a more pretentious hotel in many things, and, among others, in its literary associations. There Keats stayed, and Robert Louis Stevenson; there, too, dined the Omarians on a great occasion, when Mr. George Meredith, who lives hard by, joined the company in the course of the evening.

Jacob Gill Gaudaur, by winning the America sculling championship, scores another triumph in a career which has been very successful. Born in 1858, Goodwaur (as he must be called) is three years the junior of Hanlan. He never took kindly to a trade, but early developed a strong fancy for aquatic sports. So long ago as 1878 he and his brother Frank defeated Hanlan and Jack Adair and three other crews in a double-sculling contest. His first year (1879) in a shell resulted in his beating McKen on Toronto Bay. Since 1886 he has held the world's best single-scull record for three miles.



In these days of complacent modernity Ripon is to be congratulated on the success of the historical pageant which formed the most notable feature of its Festival the other day. The fine grounds of Studley Royal, the Marquis of Ripon's picturesque domain beside the bygone glories of Fountains Abbey, formed a most appropriate setting for a series of striking tableaux from English history, ranging from the defeat of Boadicea to the present time. The stately procession of historic scenes was remarkable for its rich colouring and vivid detail. Among the other features

formality than is a card of admission to the *salles des jeux* at Monte Carlo. There can be no doubt that Bismarck impoverished Germany when he did away, once for all, with the gaming-tables. On the other hand, he stamped out a craze, vice, call it what you will, which has eaten into the heart of the Italian, Belgian, and French upper classes.

It begins to look as if the Czar would be killed with kindness during the few days that he is to be the guest of the French nation. Four



THE RIPON PAGEANT: RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AND QUEEN BERENGARIA.

of the revels was the play of "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar," enacted on the very spot to which its episode is assigned by tradition. The whole Festival was ingeniously conceived and happily carried out, and may serve to prove that pageantry is not impossible even in these prosaic times.

It is reported that the King of the Belgians intends after this season to render illegal the public gambling which has become the

hundred dozen Russian flags are being delivered daily by the large cotton-factories, and no effort will be spared to make the Autocrat feel at home in a Republican country. When poor Floquet, then a reckless young barrister holding extreme Radical views, had the temerity to shout "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!" in the face of the last Czar who visited Paris, he was considered rather a fine fellow. Should any ill-advised humanitarian breathe ever so gentle a reminder of Siberia, he will probably be torn to pieces where he stands. Seriously, it is to be



THE RIPON PAGEANT: ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WATSON, RIPON.

leading feature of the Ostend and Spa Casinos. It is extremely unlikely that he will do anything of the sort. Honestly conducted gaming-tables, however injurious they may prove to groups of individuals, enormously improve the temporal prosperity of any Continental watering-place. This is so well recognised that the French Government, though theoretically bound to enforce laws against gambling, allow play for limitless sums to go on all over provincial France in clubs or *cercles* connected with local casinos, to which admittance is, quite as often as not, gained with less

hoped that the Empress will accompany the Czar; she will be his great protection, and afford an excuse for efficient police cordons being placed round the Imperial carriage. Paris swarms with Nihilists—men who speak and even write French perfectly, and who have become, to all police intents and purposes, Parisians. The gay city is already overrun with Russian detectives, but the fate which befell Carnot should be a terrible warning, and Floquet's bombastic speech finds a very real echo in many Polish hearts.



I hear of a lady who only recently joined the profession and will play important parts at Her Majesty's Theatre when Mr. Beerbohm Tree opens the house next year. Rumours are seldom worth much, but what my informant does not know about theatrical matters is worth rather less than nothing. He tells me that the lady is exquisitely beautiful, has some talent, and plenty of industry to help it along. Her name is Miss Silva. My mind suggests no reason why this statement should be incorrect. There are in the provinces to-day dozens of beautiful women of moderate and undeveloped capacity; give them a fair chance, and they will not disgrace any position on the stage. A beautiful woman is ever an attraction to the mere man, and he would exhibit more pluck than sense who denied that the London stage of to-day supports many actresses whose claims to attention are largely based on beauty. A century of soulful dramatic criticism will not effect any change. When a plain woman—if such a thing can be—conquers an audience by sheer force of histrionic talent, every critic emphasises the fact with the adjectives exclusively reserved for startling phenomena, without pausing to consider that such praise is a tribute to the almost universal rule that the most successful artist is the most beautiful. Of course, I refer to the tangible success that is read through the medium of the banking account and social development. These things are but names to the soulful and intense.

Mr. Andrew Lang, as a Borderman, would be the first, I feel sure, to pass over with a light touch the freebooting propensities of his countrymen in days of yore; but when the freebooter takes the shape of a Philadelphian filcher who reprints "Aucassin and Nicolette" without asking leave, the eulogist of St. Andrews grows so angry as to speak of this piratical publisher as a "kind of noble publishing Robin Hood." Mr. Lang might have whisked his wrath in the shape of a ballade. Failing which, I have done so for him: at a great distance, of course—

Why mourn the dauntless privateer  
That erstwhile scoured the distant main,  
In search of gold (and guilt) and gear,  
The spice of Ind, the wines of Spain?  
For daring scarce is on the wane;  
Romance has only changed its mood,  
And now we've robbers of the brain—  
The literary Robin Hood.

The times are hidden with veneer;  
The Turpins in their robber reign  
No longer (in disguise) appear  
To haunt the heath and lonely lane.  
We travel nowadays by train,  
No footpad springs from out the wood,  
Yet, losing that mischance, we gain  
The literary Robin Hood.

He knows the worth of bard and seer,  
And frights the soul of Deemster Cane;  
Prints books, that are in England dear,  
For cents (in type that's far from plain).  
For copyright is vague and vain;  
And then he claims his country's good  
In sowing broadcast all the grain—  
This literary Robin Hood.

#### IN CONCLUSION.

Dear Andrew of the brindled mane,  
The Yankee pirate may be rude;  
But anger never yet has slain  
This literary Robin Hood.

Cyclists will be interested to learn that their favourite pastime leads straight to immorality. A philanthropic virgin in New York has publicly declared that when women take to the bicycle they are likely to go astray. A man she knows assures her that improper proposals were made to him by a girl who wanted somebody to buy her a bicycle. On this evidence the philanthropist, with the usual logic of silly spinsters, has founded the belief that cycling is demoralising. She might as well demand that jewellers' shops and places where they sell sealskin jackets should be forbidden by virtuous parents to their feminine offspring. A New York paper, I notice with regret, gives the portrait of the egregious woman who denounces cycling, and further advertises her by conspicuously printing her folly and that of the equally ridiculous persons who take the trouble to argue with her seriously.

This is no place for the discussion of politics, but I cannot help saying that the case of the released dynamiters suggests the expediency of adopting a rational method in the treatment of prisoners. The dynamiters have been liberated because their health is so bad that continued confinement threatens their lives. Two of them appear to be insane, and it is not unnaturally asked why our prison system should reduce men to mental and physical wreckage and then set them free on the plea of saving them from death. Some people hold that dynamiters cannot expect to escape the natural penalty of imprisonment; but is lunacy the natural penalty? If so, which is the more humane, to hang a man outright, or keep him for years under lock and key, till he gradually goes mad? Evidently the authorities do not want him to go mad; hence the regulation, applicable to prisoners of all grades, that dangerously bad health shall justify release. This is manifestly inconsistent with the theory that, if dynamiters are broken in mind and body by incarceration, it is only what they deserve. The public would do well to show sufficient interest in the subject to have this incompatibility between the principles of

prison administration and its actual effects cleared away. At present, to set free a poor lunatic on the pretence that if he be imprisoned any longer he may die, is very like hideous hypocrisy.

It must be disappointing to many editors at this season to learn that the sea-serpent has been found. Hitherto he has wallowed in mystery, and so has always been good for "copy" at a pinch in the dullest months of the year. But now we know the length and the shape of him, his bottle features, and his silver scales, he becomes as stale as any fish in an aquarium-tank. Besides, a length of only sixteen feet is extremely commonplace. Most of the sea-serpents which voracious mariners say they saw measured the proportions of Satan as described by Milton. The average sea-serpent of summer fable could easily lift his head at the Nore and flick his tail off the coast of Greenland. Sixteen feet! It is absurd. The truth is, I suspect, that this isn't the sea-serpent at all, but the familiar ribbon-fish, which is moderately long and extremely slender. The real monster lies at the bottom of the ocean, where he is entertained with anecdotes of himself by the skeletons of drowned voyagers in the intervals of swallowing raw lobster.

Some worthy people must have been shocked to learn that the Speaker has been guilty of playing cards in a train. The Customs officials at Cologne seized a pack of cards which belonged to Mr. Gully's party, and imposed a fine of twenty marks for contraband. It was an English pack, no doubt, and the patriotic feelings of the officials were hurt to find that the knave of trumps was not a Teuton. Mr. Gully seems to have mentioned who he was, and the chance of being rude to the Speaker of the House of Commons must have added piquancy to the German zeal for red tape. Another time Mr. Gully had better conceal the compromising cards about his person. He might take his wig, and hide them in that. As it is, a painful impression has been made on moral citizens who imagine that when the Speaker travels he has no recreations, but sits bolt upright in a railway carriage, and cries "Order!" when any stranger tries to enter it.

There are traditions of a dread fire which took place two centuries ago at Bayreuth, when the old town was practically reduced to a vast ruin. It happened that, during my recent visit to Bayreuth, I nearly produced an equally disastrous effect. I was lodged in an old, old Schloss, containing old, old wooden staircases, and my apartment lay on the top of the old Schloss. It was midnight, and as I climbed to my eyrie I noted with delight that a lamp was on the staircase to guide my dark ways. But the lamp, surely, was as old as the Schloss, and as I lifted it the dismal thing crumbled in my fingers. In an instant the petroleum was ablaze, and the flames were leaping from stair to stair. Ah! then there was a hurrying to and fro, and pale faces peered forth from myriads of unsuspected doors, terrified and amazed. The paralysis was universal, and there was no time to lose. With the courage of an Achilles, I dashed into a bedroom thus revealed, and dragged the bedding from a dark corner. So armed I mopped stair by stair, and when the last flame had flapped out stood triumphant as Siegfried when he had overcome the fire that barred his way to Brunnhilde.

Then came a funny sequel. The fire had been too rapid both in its advance and in its suffocation for serious damage, and it was gratifying to note in the morning three or four black streaks on the wood as the sole relic of that terrible five minutes. In the afternoon appeared a little servant with the following missive—

The hurt which you have did me through your improvidence with, the lamp did amount

10 Mark.

I have honor to be, &c., &c.,  
B. GEWINNER.

My landlady, however, had different views, and suggested that five marks would be more than double compensation. To such effect, therefore, I addressed the importunate Gewinner, and promptly received the following crushing reply—

My prejudice amounted indeed at 10 Marks, but I am ready to make a present of 5 Marks to you and the consequence of your awkwardness to bear with you.  
GEWINNER.

The richer by five marks (according to the Gewinner arithmetic, the poorer by anybody else's), I go, a stricken man, bearing with me the four little black streaks on the staircase of the Schloss, which, as far as I can see, are the sole consequences of the breaking of Gewinner's awkward lamp.

Apropos of Bavaria, I must confess my admiration for the little plumed hats of its men folk, which seem worthy of imitation to vary the monotonous tile and billycock of the barbarous Britisher—

I often wish a mannish Mrs. Aria  
Would introduce in headgear some vagaria,  
By getting all the men  
Of her nation now and then  
To sport the saucy feather of Bavaria.

Cricket connoisseurs who remember the early visits of the Australian teams will be interested to hear that past and present elevens of Colonial cricketers are, so to speak, symbolised by two neighbouring shops in Westminster. One bears the now familiar name of Trott and the other that of Horan, the fine batsman who writes on cricket over the signature of "Felix."





[Drawn by Gilbert James.]

*And this reviving herb whose tender green  
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean ;  
Ah ! lean upon it lightly, for who knows  
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen ?*

FITZGERALD'S "OMAR KHAYYAM."



The exhibition of wild animals doubtless affords a useful object-lesson for the animal-painter, the student of natural history, and the public generally, who otherwise would be ignorant of the fauna of certain tropical countries. And to the exhibition of the really



THE COUNTESS X. AND HER PERFORMING LIONS.

magnificent specimens of the South African lion at the Royal Aquarium no objection can possibly be raised; but it is open to question whether the performance of tricks by these animals under the guidance of a lady-trainer, whose life is imminently imperilled, serves any useful purpose beyond affording an income to the exhibitor. These exhibitions furnish an entertainment which reminds one of the gladiatorial contests between man and beast which delighted the Roman populace of ancient times; but are they morally healthy? I am told that the Countess X. performs with these wild beasts from pure caprice, and that, coming of a high family, she wears a mask to conceal her identity; but the scars of wounds on her bosom and on her arms—she wears a low-cut bodice—demonstrate that the exercise of her whim is purchased at great risk.

The Countess has been training these beasts for the last fifteen months, but she does not seem to have subdued their savage nature to any great extent. The lionesses are fairly submissive, and leap over an improvised gate, through a paper hoop, and through a ring enveloped in burning spirit; but the lions scorn all such games, and make serious snatches at the trainer. Her only protection is afforded by a wooden shield, which she violently thumps upon the ground to emphasise her orders. At times she brandishes a whip, at others she holds a thin bar of bright metal in her hand; but she never uses either of these weapons. The nearest approach to taming the lions consists in the evident appreciation of her coaxing tones of voice and the tickling of the nose by the playful application of the thong of the whip.

Clever advertisement is the surest method of commanding success, and the best example I have ever met is afforded by the Great Wheel

directors, who gave a "fiver" to everybody kept up all night on the ugly concern in the early part of June or end of May. We all know that this prompt action brought thousands of people who hoped that accidents were not things of the past. Last week I entered a little ale-house in an Oxfordshire village. There was a notice about good entertainment for man and beast, and I was with a friend. We lunched at a little table out of sight but not out of hearing of the bar, whereat half-a-dozen yokels were stimulating their thirst. I soon discovered that there were some cheap excursions to London, and that three of the gentlemen were going to take a holiday. Their programme consisted of visits to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Royal Aquarium, and the Great Wheel. The trio intended to make their ascents separately, and mine host asked why. Hodge at once replied that in three journeys there were more chances of the wheel sticking and a five-pound compensation being paid. He and his two friends had calculated that if the machinery would only break down once it would pay all the expenses of the three and leave a big balance, though but one was in. "Don't you think accidents are over for the year?" said the landlord seriously, and the countryman said they might be, but no one ever knew what would happen "with them great tricky things." I would have given a good bit to have had Mr. Will Chapman or Mr. Hermann Hart with me at the moment, to hear the beautiful Exhibition ignored and that wonderful monstrosity spoken of so highly. For, when mine host suggested that the Wheel was in the grounds of an Exhibition, Hodge replied indifferently that he "ad 'eard summat of an Exhibition, but set no store by it."

Robert Southey's picturesque verses describing how "the water comes down at Lodore," came rushing back to my memory, after the lapse of some twenty years, when I read of the sale of the Lodore Estate and Hotel, together, of course, with the famous Cataract. I wonder how many *Sketch* readers on their visit to Lodore from Keswick have seen the Falls under such favourable circumstances as those that inspired Southey to write his poem. Talking of that former Laureate, I have a book that bears on its fly-leaf, in a small, clear hand, the autograph, "Robert Southey, Brussels, 1817." It is a volume of Spanish history, by Elius Nebrissensis, published at Granada in 1545, and adorned on the title-page with the arms of Charles V., the double-headed Black Eagle crowned, and the motto, "Ne plus ultra."

Bret Harte, it seems, has written a play of American life, the action of which takes place on the Sierras. It is to be produced at Philadelphia next month, under the auspices of the indefatigable Charles Frohman.

All the way from distant Denver comes the news that Lockhart's elephants have there "done the largest business of the year." This troupe of performing Proboscideans was for long one of the chief attractions at the Crystal Palace, I think, and at the Aquarium.

A novel tug-of-war was witnessed the other day in the course of the transportation of Sanger's circus from Honfleur to Southampton. As a number of elephants were being taken on board one of the four steamers in which the troupe was to cross, under the agency of Messrs. Pitt and Scott, one of the animals lay down on the gangway and refused to be led on board. All efforts were unavailing, until the idea was suggested of attaching a rope to the animal's leg, the other end being put round the steam-winch on board. One turn of the winch sufficed, the rope was stretched, and "horse-power" was victorious *versus* "elephant-power." The great animal at once arose, abandoning all further opposition.



SANGER'S CIRCUS BEING SHIPPED FROM HONFLEUR TO SOUTHAMPTON.



When the members of White's Club return to their home, which has been closed for its annual "wash and brush-up," they will come in for good things. Their great *chef*, M. Lemaire, has been superintending the kitchen at Carlton House Terrace for the lamented Li Hung Chang, and has seen the composition of exquisite dishes in which sharks, pigs' kidneys, and bird-nests played leading rôles. The menu at White's may now be reasonably expected to include pigs' kidneys in cream, shark fins sauté, and an occasional purée of birds' nests. The sparrows in and round St. James's must look carefully after their homes. The great resting-place of the gourmand in Albemarle Street must hide its diminished head; the feasts of mere civic companies will no longer attract. I am presuming that Chinese delicacies are about to "catch on." If they do not, I suggest to Mr. Josiah Ritchie that he should engage a man who can eat his way through a Flowery Land menu and show no ill effects. In any and every case, the visit of the good Li should mark an era of development in our stereotyped table habits. Clearly there are things on the way to the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth that are undreamed of in the culinary philosophy of the West. At present we just live and learn. A course of Chinese cookery would certainly make us learn more, even though we did not live so long. Who is ready, in the interests of progress, to bell the cat?

The recent "Devil Scare" in certain New York schools points to a deplorable condition of superstition among American children. The rumour that his Satanic Majesty was out on business in the school premises was sufficient to create a scare that went dangerously near to the realms of panic. I very much doubt whether such a terror could seize the pupils of any English school, but it is certain that in the remote country districts of Scotland and Ireland belief in good and bad fairies is almost universal. The folklore, enriched through long generations by the country's unknown poets, has created a delightful though dangerous school of thought among children. Even in England the wanderer through unfrequented byways may make friends of country children, and be shown the magic plot of grass studded with toadstools whereon Queen Mab is understood to hold her court, and even to be visible to people born at a certain hour. Robin Goodfellow has yet the power to make milkmaids churn in vain, and on certain nights in June the elves have great influence. These beliefs are seldom or never told to a parson, but the sojourner who can ingratiate himself with country people learns of many a small trouble supposed to owe its origin to tricks of the immortals. Witchcraft has, of course, died out, but in the spring of the present year I heard a farmer's labourer declare solemnly that the old widow woman who kept the sweet- and herb-shop at the end of the village had dried his cow, and none of the ale-house audience laughed at the suggestion.

A new country always starts by being intolerant of Press censure. When a man is born long after the birth of newspapers, he grows up

regarding them with respect. An editorial "we" has profound effect. In mushroom States and cities this rule does not hold. It is a case of men first, papers afterwards, and no initial respect for the new-comers. Not unnaturally, therefore, some newspaper proprietors can tell amusing stories of the early days when comment that read disagreeably had to be watched. I am indebted to the proprietor of a big South African paper for the following little yarn, which is not only amusing, but true. Prosperity had visited the town, and the leaders of amusement decided to start some horse-races. Thereupon the proprietor engaged a racing editor, who happened to be the amateur champion runner and boxer—a man of much weight and considerable understanding. This

gentleman's knowledge of gee-gees enabled him to detect a "sportsman" who was about to run a good horse under a false name for some forthcoming event. So he sat down and wrote a very strong article upon sport in general and swindlers in particular, nor did he neglect to expose the intended fraud in full detail. Needless to remark, the paper sold very freely, for mankind ever welcomes an exposure of its next-door neighbour's wrongdoing; in all the town there was but one man who failed to see the humorous side of the *exposé*, and he was the gentleman whose little scheme had gone under. Being a big, strong man, he went down to the newspaper-office with a stick. He went direct to the proprietor's private room. "Hullo!" he said, "I've come to see the man who's been writing a pack of lies about me in to-day's issue." "Go and ask the managing editor about it," remarked the genial proprietor. "You know I never interfere with his department." Off went the irate horse-owner and invaded the editorial sanctum. "I want an explanation about that infernal libel in the paper," he remarked, taking a firm grip of his stick. "Certainly," said the urbane director of all libels. "The article you refer to was written by our new sporting editor; I'm afraid he's rather new to the business. Come with me; I'll take you to his room." "Do," said the visitor, "and we'll see if I'm to be written about like that by any fool of a fellow who comes here to learn his business." By this time they had reached another door. The

managing editor threw it open. "Oh, Mr. Blank," he said, "here is Mr. Dash come to see you about that article of yours." "Well, sir," said the champion athlete, looking up slowly, "what can I do for you?" If the horsey one had not much honesty, he had lots of presence of mind. He saw at once that he was not on a soft thing; his tone became jovial; he walked up to the sporting editor and slapped him on the shoulder very cheerily. "Capital article, my boy!" he said. "I heard you were new to the game, so thought I would just look in and congratulate you. Ta-ta!"

I remember, some time ago, making out a couple of lists of extraordinary names. None of them, I think, was worse than those of the three Polish Jewesses who recently had their clothes stolen in the East End—Palveria Wosaloski, Worrasha Derasavitch, and Gratona Alkovitch. Couldn't the front names be made into diminutives?



PHYLLIS.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.



Mr. Ernest Searelle, who is one of the leading *entrepreneurs* of South Africa, has just completed a most successful tour throughout that country with his "London Comedy Company," which has become one of the most popular combinations that have yet visited South Africa. Mr. Ernest Searelle is now in England booking tours for the next three years. His great knowledge of South Africa, and the class of entertainment that is most appreciated there, has already stood Mr. Searelle in good stead. It may be mentioned that he has taken up the position lately occupied by his brother, Mr. Luscombe Searelle, who has retired from theatrical management. "The London Comedy Company," which is now under the direction of the well-known actor Mr. Herbert Flemming, includes several young artists of considerable promise. I reproduce a photograph of the company assembled round a Kaffir kraal near the Howick Waterfalls, Natal. The inhabitants of the kraal have joined the company "for this occasion only."

I had a peculiar experience at a City railway-station recently. For several evenings I had occasion to travel by a suburban train timed to leave at 8.50 p.m. Each evening we were kept waiting for an engine for from ten to twenty minutes; but the last time I used the train the proverbial biscuit was fairly won. I had hurried, being rather late, had comfortably ensconced myself in a corner seat, and sat waiting for the whooping, shouting, and waving of arms which accompany the starting of trains from this terminus, the performance forcibly reminding one of the efforts to start sore and jaded horses with a heavy load. *En passant*, I may remark that there is a legend about converted baked-potato cans

for him. The Americans, a non-military nation, are extremely fond of picturesque and varied display in uniforms, and many of their State Militia regiments—really Volunteers—are splendidly dressed in costumes of ancient pattern. The Buffalo Civic Guards, for instance, are clad in a dress resembling that of our Coldstream Guards some century ago—red coats turned back with white and with long tails, white knickerbockers with high gaiters, and bearskins of great altitude. I saw them in Toronto some years back, on one of their excursions to that lake-side city, when the band accompanying them, mostly Germans, gave a concert at the Horticultural Gardens. The musicians wore a blue uniform and white sheepskin busbies, and altogether the regiment made a brilliant show.

Very good accounts reach me from the provinces concerning Miss Marie Elster, who is undertaking leading parts on tour with the Neilson English Opera Company. Miss Elster, who comes from Australia, has won approval all over the country for her singing and acting in such diverse rôles as those of Marguerite in "Faust," Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," Marie in "The Daughter of the Regiment," Maritana, and Santuzza.

One of the most piquant anomalies of the American Presidential campaign is found in the fact that, while both the candidates are "abstainers"—McKinley, for instance, keeping on the right side of seltzer, and W. J. Bryan of ginger-ale and sarsaparilla—their less sober partisans are quaffing freely some real "eye-openers." Of these the names "McKinley's Delight," the "Free Silver Fizz," and the "Gold Cocktail" are almost as strong as their artfully compounded ingredients. I should really carry a guilty conscience about with me for weeks if I ventured to print the recipes for these dreadful "Campaign drinks."

A ghastly "tragedy" from Midlothian, an eccentric woman being found suffocated at the bottom of a large trunk, whither she had betaken herself for repose, reminds me of the *motif* of the younger George Colman's play "The Iron Chest," based on William Godwin's story "Caleb Williams." In this Edmund Kean was succeeded after many years by Henry Irving as the gloomy and secret-hiding hero, Sir Edward Mortimer, whom Godwin named Falkland. This Midlothian mystery suggests also that old-world form of torture, the Iron Coffin of Lissa.

Far-off recollections of "Ixion," "Medea," and other old-time classical burlesques are called up by a new musical, mythological, farcical comedy, entitled "Juno," that is now on tour. Its name, for instance, reminds me of the once popular punning jingle—"Ino Juno, You know Juno." Later examples of the genre were "Venus," in which the late Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Edward Rose were concerned, and "Pluto." Both of these, I think, I saw at the Royalty, the original home of "Ixion."

A very good name has been chosen for a theatre that is to be erected in Providence, Rhode Island. It is to be called the Talma, after the famous French tragedian.

A comic opera, just written, bears the alliterative title of "A Cuban Carmen." I see possibilities of success in this name.

The rumours about Mr. Chamberlain and certain alleged differences with his colleagues have no foundation in fact, and were probably based upon the very simple incident of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's visit to the United States, which is being made purely upon personal and family grounds.

The photographs by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra which we reproduce may excite unfounded expectations among visitors to the Crystal Palace. It is true that these Arcadian pictures were taken in the courts of that haunt of æsthetic leisure; but anybody who rushes off to Sydenham in the hope of finding the idyllic ladies is likely to be disappointed. He will wander through the courts disconsolate. The ravishing visions which presented themselves to the camera were, doubtless, designed by the idealistic photographers to suggest life in a clime very different from ours, and in a state of society which Norwood could not be induced to contemplate. There is no room for Mrs. Grundy in such an idyll. You cannot imagine her piping on the edge of the bath like the lady in the leopard-skin. We are grateful to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra for showing us a spot where it is always afternoon, and where the temperature does not tyrannise over the toilette.



"THE LONDON COMEDY COMPANY" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Conej, Pietermaritzburg.

in connection with the same railway. However, after waiting the usual twenty minutes, the unwonted silence caused me to address an inquiry to the guard, who happened to be passing the window. "They do 'ave a lark with this 'ere train, sir," he replied. "I ain't got no pony again this evening, and I don't know when I shall get one." By this time most of the passengers, and they were many, had got out and walked up to the shafts—I mean, where the "pony" should have been. Presently an engine backed into the station on another line, and the guard and a superior official interviewed the driver and tried to persuade him to take us to our destination; but he was obdurate. "I 'ave done my bit for the day," he said, "and I ain't a-going to do no more," and he turned on steam and disappeared. After another long wait a second engine appeared. The same performance was gone through, with a like result, except that, as the engine was leaving the platform, an exalted personage appeared and ordered the driver to hitch on. After some lurid language he obeyed, and we went at speed out of the station and some hundred yards or so beyond. Then the driver stopped the train and backed into the station, and, after explaining that he "adn't got no coal, and wasn't a-going to take us," he finally disappeared. We waited another twenty minutes, and then our "pony" turned up, was hitched on, and all went well. I arrived at my destination—five miles from the City—shortly after ten, exactly one hour and ten minutes late. This, on a clear night, with no apparent reason for delay, is a record which will take some beating.

The Yankees have prepared a "high old time" for Li Hung Chang. A whole floor, fifty rooms, of an enormous hotel has been reserved for his use, and a considerable portion of the Army, four troops of cavalry, has been brought from the West to act as escort, &c. It seems probable that Li will lose himself among the fifty rooms when he retires to a quiet spot for his customary nap, and the four troops may be told off to search





A FRIENDLY CHAT.



AN IDYLL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, CRYSTAL PALACE.





MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.



## FIRST LOVE.

PERSONS: NELLA ARMITAGE (thirty); MAY BEAUMONT (eighteen).

SCENE: A cosy little room, part drawing-room, part writing-room.

Music on an open piano, flowers on tables and brackets, easy-chairs, and a light writing-table. NELLA is sitting at the table.

TIME: Dusk on an afternoon of late autumn.

NELLA (*finishing a letter*). All done at last! Letter to my dear Aunt sympathising with her because she has to give up champagne; letter to Mrs. Thorne about the servant I got for her, who is a great treasure, but looks too much like a lady; dinner invitation, dance invitation, bill—bill—monthly report about my branch of Girls' Recreation. So much for duty. Now for pleasure, Dick's first letter—

MY DEAR NELLA,—Forgive a hurried scrawl! This address will surprise you, I think. It is easily explained. When I got on board at Calcutta I found that my friend Sydney Cazalet was going home by the same ship. He asked me to stay at his father's place, and it's so long since I saw a bit of English country that I jumped at the offer. I come to London and to you, my dear Nella, to-morrow. I have heaps to tell you, all the things I didn't put in my letters, all the years I've been away. I can't chatter with my pen like you women-persons. I've kept all your letters; they were so many bits of England for the poor exile to carry about with him. Did I tell you what your descriptions of town and country and seaside meant to me? I don't think I did, at least, not properly, but I will when I see you to-morrow—Now as ever, and for always, your own  
DICK.

Till to-morrow! A month ago! Oh, my own Dick! didn't you know I should be waiting for you, longing for you, as I have been all these years? Didn't you know, Dick, what made my pen chatter, why I sent you the little bits of England? Sometimes I think you love me; you keep all my letters, you say you're my own Dick—ever and for always—I like that—and you don't let the strange women marry you. I know what those women who want to marry Dick are like. Some women are so ready to marry. Dick Owen's young yet, or was; he's twenty-six now, and I—I'm thirty. Four years older! What a difference that four years makes as time goes on! It was rather a pull when I first went to live with Dick's father, my guardian. How I patronised Dick when he was twelve and I was sixteen! How condescending I was, how tyrannising! How friendly Dick was, and utterly unsubmittable! He never understood the magnificence of sixteen. He would always be friends with me, and come to me for sympathy. My grown-up airs were wasted; he didn't notice them. Dick has a way of going straight to the heart. Once when I was receiving some visitors with great grandeur—sixteen and three-quarters I was then—he rushed into the drawing-room, his straw hair all tumbled, his eyes blinking as they did when he was in trouble, and then, before a quite new vicar and the two Miss Jenkinsses, he called out, "Nellie, Nellie, come at once—directly—the piebald mouse is dying! What shall we do? Get some brandy, Nellie." Then the four of us—two Miss Jenkinsses, both full age; the vicar, a staid man; and I, the lady of the manor—stood round a smelly rabbit-hutch, grieving over a piebald pig of a mouse that had overeaten itself. Poor, dear Dick!

His turn came in time. He grew—how that boy grew! He got taller than I, he despised girls, he was in the fifteen, and was frequently broken. Then he went to Oxford, and came back and called me "Little Woman." Then he fell in love, and told me all about her; and then he passed the Indian and went away; and now he's back, been back a month, and has never come to me. (*Takes out another letter.*) His last! He's coming back to-day. "I shall come to you, Nella, first. I have something very important to say to you, something I must say to you first, and then all the world may know it! But this thing that I have to tell you is very peculiar. There can be only one answer to it; and I want you to give that answer beforehand, and I know you will. You always did what I wanted if I begged hard enough. This time I only want you to say 'Yes!'" (*Pause.*) Oh, Dick, you'll have to beg very hard! And you'll have to be quick or I shall say "Yes" too soon. Why didn't he say what time he was coming? To leave himself free; he hates to be bound. He'll send a telegram perhaps; no, he'd rather take me by surprise, and walk in saying, "Waiting for me, little woman?" and I shall say, "Yes, Dick, I've been waiting for you, waiting many years." For all that, I'm not going to be taken quite by surprise. (*Looking to glass and looking to herself.*) Dear Miss Armitage, I'm glad to see you looking so well. You'd look better if you were neat. (*Arranging hair.*) Is that better? Not sure; I don't want to look formal. (*Re-arranges hair.*) Dear, dear, must I be Quaker or Bacchanal? Let it go, I'm past mending! To be taken with all faults, as they say at Tattersall's. Modesty, my dear Miss Armitage, forbids my saying much about your looks, let alone that I'd rather look at someone else. Still, I must congratulate you on your complexion—no wonder your friends never remember your age till they count on their fingers and declare, "Thirty, my dear, thirty at least, two-and-thirty most likely"; and I'm only exactly thirty, and I don't feel a bit like it; and Dick's twenty-six, and looks it all. (*A knock at the door. NELLA moving from glass.*) Come in. (*The door opens and MAY BEAUMONT enters.*)

MAY. You are alone, aren't you, dear? Your maid said you were. Do I intrude?

NELLA. Intrude! Kiss me, dear. I'm delighted to see you! I didn't know you were back. Have you had a pleasant visit? How well you're looking!

MAY. But you, Nella, you're looking—looking, oh, I can't describe it—you remind me of the Shining Ones in the Delectable Land. What has happened, dear?

NELLA. Nothing yet. But I am expecting an old friend.

MAY. And I came! Horrid of me, wasn't it?

NELLA. Nonsense, May. You'll have some tea, won't you? (*Rings bell.*) Now, May, tell me all about your holiday. It must have been delightful! Switzerland?

MAY. Yes, we went there. Mountains, you know! Sky, you know! Do you care for mountains and sky?

NELLA. They're said to be fine there.

MAY. Oh, they're all right if you care for sky and mountains.

NELLA. Poor Switzerland! Where else? Oh, Norway—that's charming!

MAY. The same sky, lakes, mountains—mountains, lakes, sky. And salt fish.

NELLA. The lovely views, May!

MAY. Copied from the Christmas cards!

NELLA. How blasé you are! And your first time abroad! After nature, art. Rome, dear! Imperial, papal, artistic Rome!

MAY. A museum, Nella, with annexes full of pictures. Do you care for annexes and museums?

NELLA. May, you shock me! You started in such delight. Now you seem to have lost all capacity for enjoyment. Were all the places in Italy failures?

MAY. Evidently, or they'd have kept them in repair.

NELLA. Repair old Florence, Siena, and all those quaint cities of the Middle Ages!

MAY. Oh, they're more than middle-aged! They suggest second childhood, and look like crèches for centenarians.

NELLA. You flippant vandal! I ask again, have you forgotten how to enjoy?

MAY. No, Nella dear; I've begun to learn.

NELLA. That's a comfort. Well, dear, tell me the place that has found favour in your eyes.

MAY. Nella, have you ever seen Rutland? Do you know where Rutland is?

NELLA. You mean the English county? I've seen it on the maps and from a train. It's in the Midlands, isn't it?

MAY. It's in Paradise! It has no lakes, no mountains, no plain blue skies, no galleries of saints, no mediæval ruins; but it's beautifully flat, with skies of soft, billowy clouds; its churches are pure modern and mortgaged; it has friendly post-offices and homely railway-stations. Having no mountains, one can walk there for miles without feeling tired. Nella, it's Paradise!

NELLA. Correct. Ararat was outside. Continue the praise of Rutland.

MAY. Are you laughing at me? But it's all true. Everyone knows Rutland's the finest county in England. Such deep lanes, such lovely woods and glades, such a place for walking, stiles to climb, and gates that won't open.

NELLA. That have to be opened.

MAY. Yes, that sort of gate.

NELLA. And his name, dear?

MAY. Oh, Nella!

NELLA. Oh, May! Now I understand. May dear, I'm so glad! Tell me all about it; that is, if you wish to. Would you like to?

MAY (*moving the stool at Nella's feet*). Tell you, dear? Yes, of course. That's what I came for. But I think—I'd rather you didn't look at me. I'll tell you as we used to tell the fairy stories, looking into the fire, with the room darkening and everything quiet. Well, now, it was like this: he—I had been—Uncle Robert—you understand—it's so difficult to begin—I never had to do it before—

NELLA (*soothingly*). Don't be flurried, dear. The words will come out of the fulness of the heart.

MAY (*with determination*). We left the St. Lazare Station, Paris, on Sept. 24, at twelve noon, and, after a calm crossing, arrived the usual amount behind time in London. The next day I went to Uncle Robert's—you've heard me speak of Uncle Robert?

NELLA. Yes; you said he had gout in his feet and in his language.

MAY. He's a dear! His house, Shawcroft, is just on the border of Rutland.

NELLA. That settles the matter.

MAY. Well, I went to stay with him. You know how fond I am of that house? I've written you pages about it.

NELLA. Yes, and titled them "Thoughts on the Advantages of Early Death."

MAY. Did I? Oh, that was before—

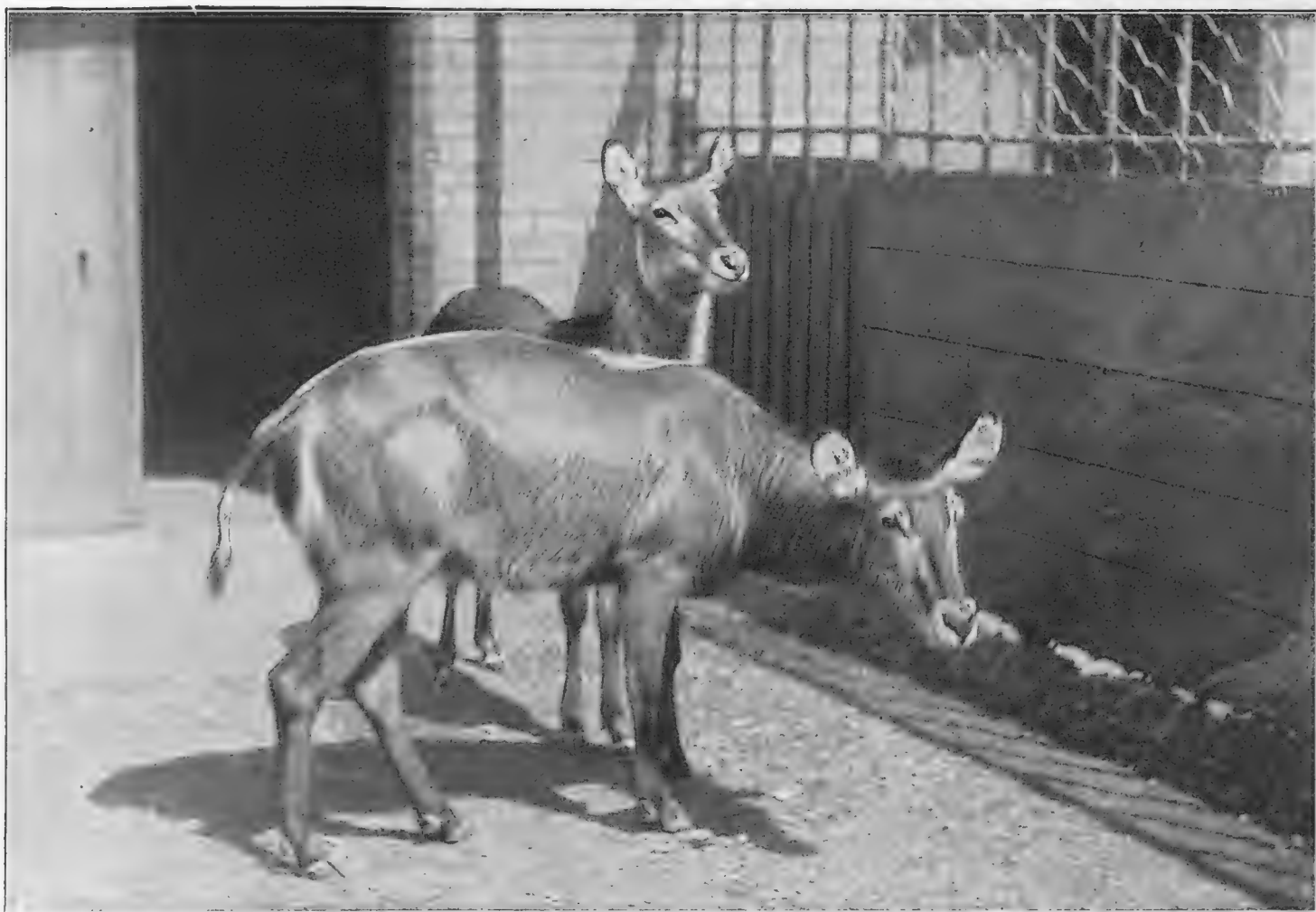
NELLA. Wouldn't it be better to tell the story simply?—"At my uncle's house I met Mr. So-and-so," &c.

MAY. Let me tell it my own way, please, Nella. Well, soon after I got to Shawcroft we went to dinner at Admiral Harford's, and there were a lot of people staying there. It was delightful! Such variety! Soldiers, and sailors, and lawyers, and an artist. Some of them hadn't been in England for years, others knew nothing but English society. A sailor took me down to dinner and told me the gossip of the Pacific, and on my other side was a man who knew the secrets of all hearts and told them. When we called, some of the men came in to tea, and one of them talked with me a long time. Then the Harfords dined with us, and he came with them. When they called, he called. When I was going for a long walk, he was going the same way—at least, he went. That's just like him. He does things without asking, and you're not angry with him. He had been in India some years, and has very blue eyes. He's so simple! He thinks that because he likes you, you'll

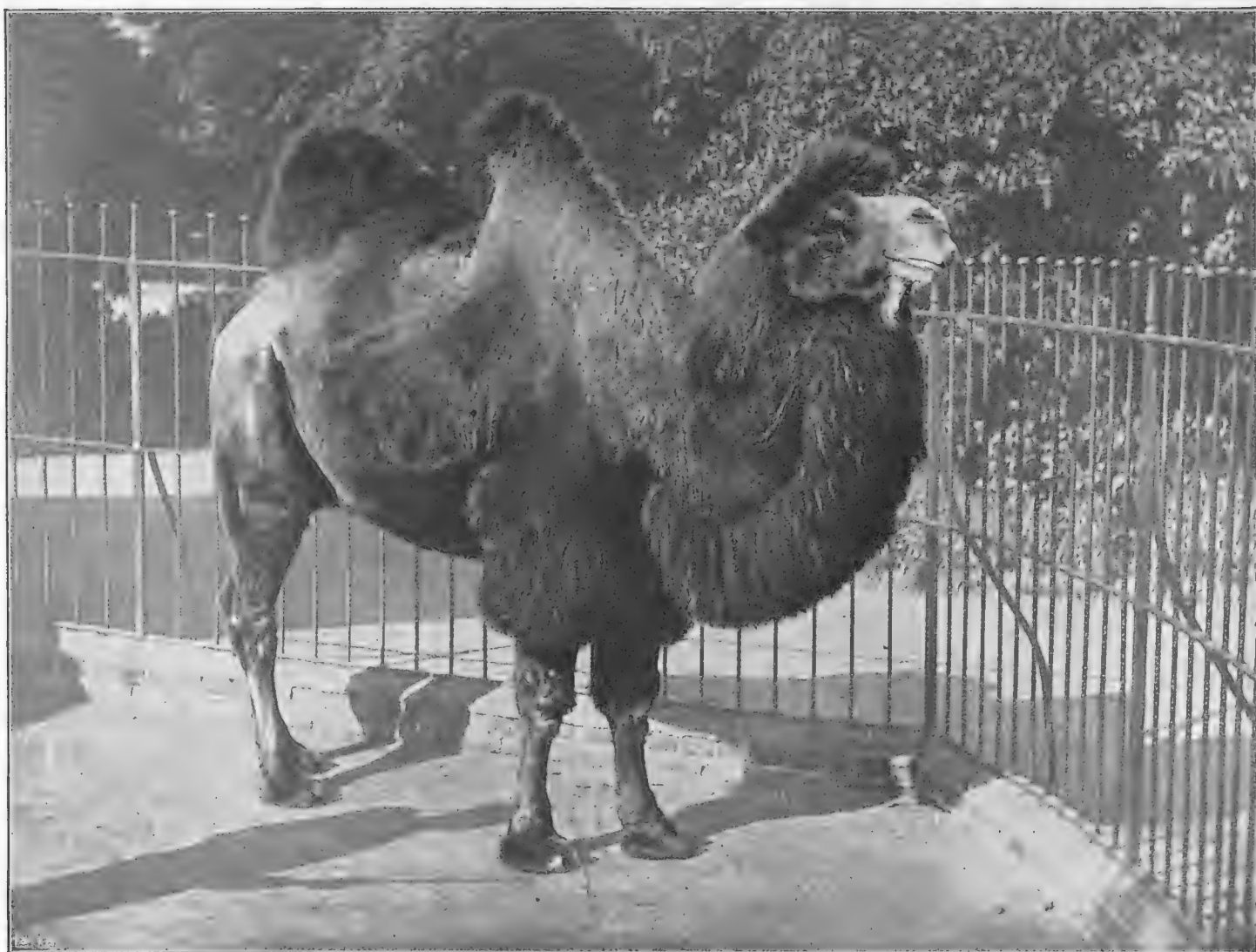


## AT THE "ZOO."

*Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.*



WATER-BUCK.



BACTRIAN CAMEL.



like him. I told him that was absurd, and he said, "Not at all; if I like people, they like me." Wasn't that conceited? It took my breath away so that I couldn't contradict him on the spot. It's no use doing that sort of thing too late, is it? One evening we were coming home through a wood. He stopped suddenly at the top of a glade and looked towards the sunset, and I looked too. It was a pale, shivering sunset—no colour, no warmth. Not worth looking at. He began to speak to me very seriously about himself, how he had got on, how he had no near relatives, no real home, no one except a lady who had lived at his father's house when he was at school and at Oxford. He said he loved her more than anyone, till he met me. Then, Nella, he said he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. He was very grave and quiet, and looked at me very steadily from his blue eyes. It was so solemn there in the dull sunset! Love seemed something sacred, something far above sentiment or laughter. I was trembling before he had done speaking, and I cried when I said "Yes." He was so sweet that surely he is a good man, Nella. Simple and true and loving and strong. That's how Love came to me, Nella. I'm so happy now! Nella, don't you think Love is the finest thing in the world?

NELLA. Yes, dear, I am sure it is.

MAY (*turning round*). Aren't you well, dear? Your voice sounds strangely. I wanted to tell you a lot more.

NELLA. It's nothing. I was thinking. Go on, May, dear.

MAY. Well, afterwards he said the first person to be told must be the girl who lived with them when he was a boy. Nella, he thinks so much of her, of her character, of her nature. He wants me to know her. I'm rather afraid of her. He's coming up to-day, then he's going to call on her. I'm going to meet him at the station. I must go soon, Nella. (*Rising*.) How pale you are! You were looking so well. Nella, you've been crying at my love-story! How sweet of you! Now I'll tell you the name—

NELLA. Dick?

MAY. Yes—Dick Owen. How do you know?

NELLA. I was brought up with him.

MAY. Then you are the girl. I'm so glad! I'm not afraid of you. You guessed, did you? (*NELLA nods*.) Nella, come to the station and meet Dick. No? You might. I've a lot more to tell you. I've thought everything out, even our wedding-trip. Where do you think we're going? To Switzerland, Norway, and Rome, my three favourite places. I must go now. Give me a message for Dick.

NELLA. Ask him not to come to-day. Tell him I know you both, and that I approve. I shall be glad to see him to-morrow. I've been waiting for him for—for—

MAY. How long?

NELLA. Ever since, ever since—oh, I can't remember! It's time you went. He doesn't like to be kept waiting. Kiss me, May, dear, and go. I must lie down.

MAY. You look quite pale and strange. You've quite changed since I came in. Only a few minutes ago.

NELLA. Not long, is it? Good-bye, dear; I shall be better alone.

LIZZIE COMPTON.

## AT THE "ZOO."

In a very picturesque building at the "Zoo," near the pond for Polar bears, one comes across the Bactrian camel, the subject of our illustration, standing stolidly within his prison bars, a monument of ugliness, stupidity, and utility. Dr. Russell, in a letter to the *Times*, called his kind "abominably ugly necessary animals," and all writers, especially in recent times, agree in calling him very stupid and very useful. Even in the "Zoo" he earns his livelihood, and no boy who has exchanged his penny for a jolting ride on his back will say he has not had his money's worth. At present the camel is playing an active part in the expedition towards Dongola, although the animal employed is not the double-humped Bactrian camel, but his one-humped neighbour the dromedary. From the sketches sent home from the seat of war it is often very difficult to say whether the animal depicted is a dromedary or a Bactrian camel, because the humps on the back, being really storehouses of fat, have become used up by the long and fatiguing march through the desert. The camel has been evolved in the hardest of hard schools, the desert. All his peculiarities are adaptations for living in sandy wastes: the wonderful water-storage system of his stomach, which allows him to carry a burden of 6 cwt. over a hundred miles of sand without drinking; the humps on his back, wherein he can pack fat when an opportunity occurs; the ugly brogue-looking pads on his feet and callous plaques on his limbs and breast to protect him from the burning sand; the slit-like nostrils, which he can open or close at will, and so keep out the all-penetrating dust of the simoom; his brainless, stupid head, which gives him his stolid forbearance and reconciles him to the hardness of his surroundings and the dry twigs of desert bushes as his diet. All these peculiarities and adaptations make him indispensable in any undertaking in desert countries. The camel begins to receive its education when it is four years old, and is taught to kneel and receive a burden; but it never takes any intelligent interest in its master, and learns its lessons quite mechanically, even old animals as often as not rising before they have well begun to receive their loads. The water-bok, or buck, agrees with the camel only in chewing the cud. It is wild and incapable of domestication, and is becoming rarer year by year. It is found along the banks and shores of South African rivers and lakes. It is a powerful swimmer, and gains its nourishment from the long reeds and grass growing in water.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The late achievement of Mr. Rhodes in making peace with the Matabele rebels seems, if not strictly grand, at least grandiose. It is, of course, ridiculed by his enemies as "theatrical," and, no doubt, to a certain extent, the reproach is true; but it is difficult to go unarmed to confer with a crowd of possibly treacherous savages without a certain savour of melodrama. Napoleon was far more deliberately theatrical than Mr. Rhodes was ever charged with being; and yet he remains a considerable figure in history. It is impossible to resist the suspicion that much of the enmity excited at home and abroad by the ex-Cape Premier is due to the natural animosity that bigness of any sort arouses in the extremely small. There is no pleasing these gentry. If Mr. Rhodes was concerned in the Jameson raid, hanging is too good for him; if he tried to stop it, that was only his hypocrisy; if he left England for Bulawayo, that was mere cowardice; if he took part in the fighting, that was the act of a braggart; if he made peace, that was unpardonable meddling. As Lord Hervey—or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—remarked of Pope, so we might say to the Rhodophobes—

To thee 'tis provocation to exist.

No one wishes to excuse or condone any crimes that may be proved against Mr. Rhodes or anyone. But it is enough to make the most rabid of Radicals turn Imperialist to see how one who, in spite of all offences committed or suspected, has done considerable feats, is vilified by persons whose exploits have been confined to unprovoked and savage raids upon grammar and style, and who would fain clip the Queen's Empire as short as they have clipped the Queen's English. And they are so free with their suspicions, too, these champions of virtue. No one can hint that Mr. Rhodes is not altogether an Iago without being charged with taking bribes from the Chartered Company, or speculating for the rise in "Chartered," or pandering to aristocratic influence. Surely this is a game at which two can play. The Transvaal Government is richer, just now, than the Chartered Company; it has secret-service money in abundance, and has not spared it on the Continental Press. If these accusations of corruption are so lavishly made in all cases in which anyone dares to defend Mr. Rhodes, is it not easy to retort by asking how much Dr. Leyds pays for the attacks on him?

It is a comfort to find that the notorious Major Lothaire was not hooted by English tourists at Ostend. Brigand as he is, the Major seems no coward, and if one cannot shoot such a man, it is futile to hoot him. Besides, the Congo State and the Belgian public generally have adopted his act and ratified it, and it is with them that our quarrel must be. If, as is reported, the Major is going back to the Congo to oppose the Mahdi, the difficulty may solve itself, so far as he is concerned. The fight will probably be serious, and the Anglo-Egyptians from the Nile or the English from Uganda will be able to dispose of the survivors with comparative ease in any way that may appear suitable. And not even to Lothaire would they deny a fair trial.

But in Belgium, to be English, however little, seems to be a claim for injustice. When Mr. Ben Tillett, having sent much of the London trade over to Antwerp, followed thither to send it on—perhaps to Hamburg—it was natural that the Belgian Government should not see the advantage of his services, and should endeavour to dispense with them. But it is too much to arrest and deport a British citizen for addressing a private meeting, as he probably had a right to do even by Belgian law. Mr. Tillett was not in the possession of any ivory or other portable property, so he was not hanged by court-martial; but he seems to have been subjected to a good deal of unnecessary and illegal discomfort. It is really time that Belgium was brought to book. We would not have Ostend bombarded, as some British bookmakers might be damaged; but a force might land and hold the bank at the Kursaal as security for an indemnity. Play need not be suspended, for blue-jackets would soon learn to act as croupiers. Only this would be state regulation of gambling.

It is curious to see how the anti-vaccinators remain unconvinced by the crucial instance (one would think) of Gloucester. Here was a city in which vaccination had been neglected, evaded, or defied for many years. Small-pox broke out and made the place a city of the plague for weeks. The panic-stricken population rushed to be vaccinated; the plague declined and disappeared. Does any anti-vaccinator allow for an instant that this is any proof? Not an old woman of them all. One or two instances of defective or harmful vaccination are collected and paraded, and the unanimous evidence of European statistics is ignored. Sanitation alone, they say, has caused the decline in the danger from small-pox. Is Germany, then, the most sanitary country in Europe? Is it cleaner than England or Holland or Scandinavia? But Germany is the best-vaccinated country, and it is also the country with least small-pox. If sanitation does it all, why has not Hamburg been decimated by small-pox as formerly by cholera?

In Germany, to be sure, everything is far more systematic than with us. A population whose able-bodied men must face bullet and bayonet when required, will not resist the slight discomfort and remote danger of the lancet and the lymph. Our high degree of individual liberty is in many ways a valuable possession; but the shield of our Palladium covers a good many mischievous cranks. Freedom may be the best means of improving men, but it has hitherto failed to reform diseases.

MARMITON.



MR. JUSTICE CAVE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITEHEAD, BIRMINGHAM.



## A GLOVE FIGHT.

Tier on tier, the seats were filled with gentlemen in evening-dress. The ring was in the centre of the room—a small, square, carpeted platform guarded by ropes—and on both sides rose the tiers of seats, and above them again on one side a gallery. The referee, a tall, elderly gentleman, with a fine, Bismarckian appearance and an authoritative voice, announced the fight. The Black stepped, smiling, into the ring, the white boxer delayed to receive the last admonitions of his second—a famous old retired champion.

The Black was tall, thin, slight in figure, but with every muscle beautifully developed and showing in clear outline beneath the shining skin. He had stepped into the ring with that grin of gusto characteristic of the negro, and sat patiently on his second's knee.

The white boxer soon followed—a short, stocky, powerful fellow, with a bull-neck and lowering brows. His biceps was more bunched than the Black's, but his reach was much shorter. A powerful and wiry athlete, the Black, but the idea of strength was, after all, secondary to that of liteness, activity, skill. The white man was not deficient in spring, but he stood like a block.

Preliminaries. Silence!

*Round 1.*—Both men felt their way. The Black shot out his fist, stopped by the White, who tried to reply. The Black was away in an instant, dashed in again. He moved all round his man, sometimes standing on tip-toes, looking down at him, sometimes crouching below him, working his limbs in and out, flourishing his powerful arms as lightly as whips. The first round was an experiment. The Black was looking for an opening; the White was standing on the defensive, keeping a strong guard.

*Round 2.*—The White receives the furious charge of the Black, butts forward in turn, puts a bullocky strength into his blows. It is pretty to see the play of the two men. The Black carries his lithe head jauntily, with the shining row of teeth, his neck round and fine, his shoulder-muscles of iron. The White is a solid block, sturdy, thick-set, but too short in the reach. It is a fight between a tiger and a bull. The Black springs round, launches a blow at the other's face. Suddenly the right hand swings up with an upper-cut, the fore-arm rigid as a rod. The blow has missed, but the Black has sprung lightly backwards. (Applause.) Again he sallies in, hits the white man right and left. The White watches with head lowered, looking upward like a bull. Waits for his opening. Heaves out when the Black lands on his chest. His blows are too short, his rushes all ineffectual. (The gentlemen talk. Opinion in favour of the Black.)

*Round 3.*—The white man is a close fighter. He stands his ground, turns on a pivot, looks only to ward off the swift attacks of his opponent. The Black aims blows at him, cleverly stopped. The Black teases him, but makes no serious impression. The Black rushes on him, pummels him, stands off. The white man balances himself, seems literally to take aim, and makes a sudden rush at the Black. (The audience strain forward.) The Black dances aside, grinning, and slaps him on the side of the head. The white man presses forward. He is determined to come to a close. The whole fight depends on it. Fiercely he follows up the Black, forces him on the ropes (Ha! ha!), disconcerts him, makes the most of his power at short reach, drives in his blows. But the Black speedily wriggles out and dances away and capers round him, all his muscles moving in unison, his shoulders limber, his arms swinging about, lissom as willow wands. (The audience laugh.) Time is called.

*Round 4.*—The Black's torso glistens with perspiration. Beneath the gutta-percha skin the muscles shine beautifully, the moulded deltoid, the broad atlas, the tough, hard pectoralis. The Black sails round the White. The white man relies on his straight, hard punch. The Black springs in, his arms whirling like flails, flinging his blows on the head and shoulders of the White, who has all his work to ward off the attack from his face. Again and again the Black rushes in furiously. Punched off, he moves round his man, reconnoitring, standing on tip-toes, leaning over, approaching, retreating, threatening—lithe, agile, sinewy. The white man pivots round, solid as a block. They stand watching. Then away flies the Black's right, swift as a sling-shot, the White just in time to protect his eyes. The Black whacks his neck with the left, wipes his nose with the right; but the white man persists, determined to press him home, charging ineffectually like a bull. The Black moves off easily, then whirls in again, arms flying like windmills, while the white man, amazed but plucky, wards and parries as best he can the storm of blows that rain on his head. ("H'mm!" say the crowd.)

*Round 5.*—The white man is stereotyped; he has few moves. The Black can form unlimited combinations from all the elements of his skill. He sails in. He strikes; he is away: he comes again, smacks the cheek of his man; dances off, slashes at his face, whirls all about him, runs away, whirls round again, hits him, skips off when he likes. Comes in again, gives the White a blow on the ear that staggers him, and a terrible upper-cut that shakes him again. (The audience excited, but decorous.) Both men are tired.

*Round 6.*—The Black is grinning. The jaunt head, with the row of white teeth, moves easily on the fine, flexible neck. There is a beautiful muscular elasticity in torso and limbs. The white man changes little. He is stocky, solid as a rock, with his broad, deep chest. The Black swings from his lissom waist. He plays round his man. He feints, he sweeps in the right, but the white man is keen and wary in his own line of defence. He is quick in dodging with his head, he is strong in his guard, he receives the slaps on the cheek cheerfully, he has

few vulnerable points. He is content to take a good deal; he is watching his game. If once he gets in a straight, stiff punch on the chin of that jaunt head, then the active Black's triumph is over. He watches; he lunges out with force in his blows. Too short.

*Round 7.*—Both men are tired. They spar for wind. The Black plays with his left, teasing his man; he is keeping the right in reserve. The white man charges like a bull. The Black skips aside and grins. And so they manoeuvre.

*Round 8.*—Time called, and—(The devil!)—the Black has rushed in like a tiger; he is whirling about like a demon. He can do nothing, however, against the close guard of the prompt and resolute White. A swinging upper-cut of the Black's misses. The white man, with lowered brow, presses in, receives a couple of blows, presses on, lands heavily on the Black. They stand looking into each other's eyes. The Black shoots out his fist, just stopped before the face. His blows come in like the driving of a piston; the white man wards them off, kept busy, lands one or two back. Both men very serious. (The audience are all alive.) The White has a chance. He goes for the ribs and the stomach; gets home the left, dodges cleverly with his head, and continues attack. The Black escapes, then rushes in, both arms working in and out like piston-rods, some terrible blows getting home. Still the white man is firm. He leans over, his short neck bent, his eyes looking from beneath the lowered brows, watching his opening, charges like a bull, while the Black, grinning, escapes with all sorts of antics. Both glad to finish.

*Round 9.*—Some tactics. The Black's blows are fainter. The White smothers his onset, and upper-cuts him. The Black shoots out his left in the other's face to stop him, and slaps him hard on the side of the jaw. The White falls. ("Ah!" cry the crowd.) Springs up suddenly, and the fight becomes a rough-and-tumble struggle. Both try to hit, both are loose in their play. Another swinging blow lands on the White. He falls. Time called.

*Round 10.*—They eye each other up and down. They do not like each other. The same game. There is little force now in the blows. The White rushes in, the Black turns and skips away. Returns, a fierce blow; the White ducks, protects his head, and charges. The Black escapes, slaps in a blow on the body, then another, and another. There is no end to the tricks he possesses.

*Round 11.*—The White gets in an upper-cut. The Black spins round. He gets an opening, sends in a terrific upper-cut, then another, then another. ("Ah! ah! ah!" cry the crowd.) The white man grins cheerfully! He knows a trick or two himself. Feints, gets home a blow.

*Round 12.*—Both are fairly cool. The Black gets in his swinging left twice. Stops the white man's rush, hits him, hits him again. There is a clinch, and the Black is thrown. He falls awkwardly. (The audience half-rise.) He grins, but he is not happy. Gets a few blows home. The two men sally at each other indiscriminately, as if their tactics had gone. They pant for breath. Suddenly there is a lull. Then, as they stand looking at each other, the Black flings out a blow on the side of the jaw. It does not seem a terrible blow, but the white man falls. He rolls on his back. He breathes hard. His arms are extended. His second yells to him, calls his name.

He cannot answer.

The time has passed. He is out.

ARTHUR LYNCH.

## MR. JUSTICE CAVE.

It was prophesied that as soon as Sir Lewis Cave became entitled to his retiring pension he would retire; but his fifteen years have elapsed and he still adorns the Bench. It is not easy to see why a man aged but sixty-four should give up the by no means laborious duties of Puisne Judge, and in order to do so reduce his professional income from £5000 to £3500—a reduction equal to the whole salary of our somewhat underpaid County Court Judges. Sir Lewis Cave has not, save in the famous Hurlbert case, where the investigation of the existence of "Wilfred Murray" fascinated the world, succeeded in greatly attracting the attention of the public. Yet he has done judicial work of very great value if not of showy character.

For seven years he acted as Bankruptcy Judge, from 1884 to 1891, and under him the present system of Bankruptcy Law, one not very popular with either branch of the profession, was licked into shape. His large knowledge of commercial law and acuteness in handling figures made him the terror of the professional bankrupt. This duty was put upon him about three years after his elevation to the Bench, which took place about twenty-two years after he had been called to the Bar by the Inner Temple, and six after he had taken silk.

Sir Lewis Cave is not a judge whose court is entertaining to the Law Courts lounge. Advocates indulge neither in eloquent speeches nor fanciful arguments before him. Indeed, the astute act on the maxim "silence is golden." A little while ago a barrister, very successful before him, gave the following recipe, "Hand him the pleadings and correspondence, then examine your witnesses shortly, and don't make speeches if you can help it." He likes to find out things for himself, and seems to regard the proffered aid of counsel as officious. Fortunately, he generally succeeds in finding them out. Few barristers fail to respect his "That won't do, you know." Those that do, gain little. His judgments are brief and weighty, so that they are useful for citation. It is to be hoped that he will long remain on the Bench.

## MR. ALFRED MALTBY.

Mr. Alfred Maltby, who is now contributing to the merriment nightly provoked at Terry's Theatre by "My Artful Valet," is one of the cleverest representatives of the eccentric old gentleman that the latter-day stage can boast.



MR. ALFRED MALTBY.

Photo by Franklin, Rickmansworth

The rôle of Mr. Timothy Chadwick, the retired Birmingham tanner, in the re-christened "Gloriana," is not a large one, but Mr. Maltby's admirable art makes it a delightful study of farcical character. The self-made man's fussy geniality and the persistent shoppiness of his conversation are given to the life, without a touch of undue exaggeration in the quieter scenes, yet, when the extravagance of the situation demands it, Mr. Maltby puts plenty of vigour into his acting. His first entrance, when, staggering under the weight of many parcels, he brings his daughter to call on her fiancé, is very droll, and still funnier is he when he rises to

the situation and prescribes camomile-tea and mustard-plasters for the dissembling diplomat. Mr. Maltby seems to have severe epidemics as regards the various kinds of old gentlemen he is called upon to portray. For instance, at one time he had a very violent attack of fiery old colonels; at another, it was plausible scoundrels; at another, Members of Parliament. It is not exactly correct to say that Mr. Maltby ever took to the stage as a profession. The stage, on the contrary, took to him. It happened that he had written a play for Mr. Charles Collette, and was with some difficulty persuaded to take a part in it. Mr. Wyndham saw the piece, and at once offered him an engagement at the Criterion. While he was there he played a round of character-parts in such well-known pieces as "Truth," "The Candidate," "Wild Oats," "The Man with Three Wives," "Pink Dominos," and many more too numerous to mention. But no playgoer will ever call to mind the name of Mr. Alfred Maltby without thinking of his wonderful performance of Samuel Dawson, B.A., the private tutor in "Betsy."

Besides being a very clever actor, Mr. Maltby is the author of some five-and-twenty or thirty plays, of which "Borrowed Plumes" has proved one of the greatest favourites, while Mr. W. S. Penley has lately bought the rights of

a farcical comedy written by him in collaboration with Mr. Frank Lindo. For some years he was a constant contributor to the pages of *Judy* and *Fun*. As a costume designer he has acquired a very great reputation, having designed costumes for Drury Lane and other well-known pantomimes, for ballets at the Alhambra, and for various comic operas. His last work in that line was the designing of the costumes for "Miss Decima." On every first-night of a new play he suffers so much from nervousness that he always makes a solemn vow never to act again, which, I need hardly say, he as solemnly breaks as soon as

the horrors of the performance are over. Mr. Maltby lives in a very quaint and picturesque old farm-house on the Harrow Weald, where he has plenty of opportunities of indulging in his favourite hobby of sketching and painting.



AS SAMUEL DAWSON, B.A., IN "BETSY."

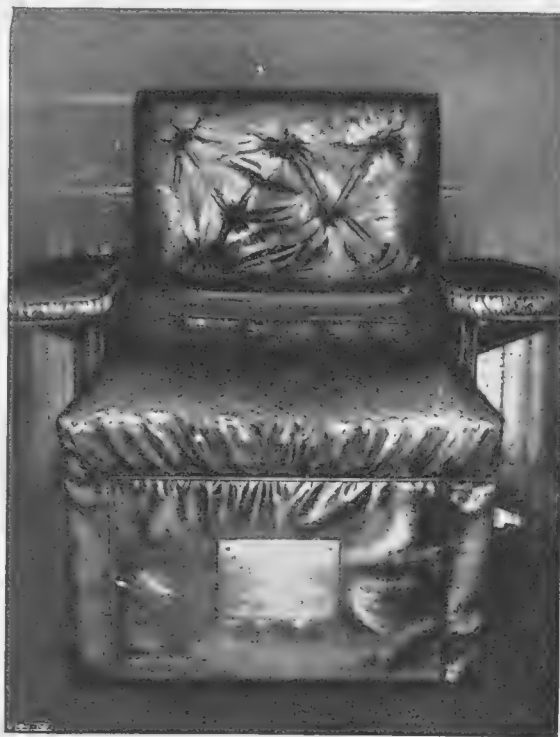
## A HISTORICAL CHAIR.

Mr. Austin Dobson has written a very charming poem, inspired by an old Sedan-chair—

It is battered and tattered—it little avails  
That once it was lacquered and glistened with nails  
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square  
Like a canvas by Wilkie—that old Sedan-chair.

Is there any member of the House of Commons with a knack for rhyming and a sentiment for historical relics who "feels good" for a few stanzas about the chair of which the accompanying picture is a representation? It is worth a stave.

The chair now stands in the library at Parliament House, Melbourne. It was presented to the Parliament of Victoria by Governor Manners-Sutton in 1875, and its interest lies in the fact that it was the chair occupied by Mr. Speaker Manners-Sutton (afterwards Viscount Canterbury) in the first House of Commons elected after the great Reform Bill of 1832. Manners-Sutton was one of the greatest of Speakers. He presided over the House of Commons from 1817 to 1835, a period of twenty-eight years, and he saw, with eyes that doubted the issue, the old order give place to the new. He said to Thomas Raikes, after his



SPEAKER MANNERS-SUTTON'S CHAIR.

re-election as Speaker in 1832, "It is the fashion to compliment me on my knowledge of the forms of the House and the rules of debate; but all my past experience in Parliament is positively good for nothing; the business of the House is carried on so differently from the former system that I am, in fact, as great a novice as any of them." What would poor Speaker Manners-Sutton say could he return now and hear eloquence ruthlessly suppressed by Closure resolutions?

A curious thing about this historical Speaker's chair is its rude simplicity of structure. Now, the Speaker's chair in the Victorian House of Assembly is a fine piece of furniture that cost about twenty pounds. The chair in which Mr. Speaker Manners-Sutton presided over the Reformed Parliament of 1832 cost, one would say, about half-a-crown, or, at an extravagant outside estimate, three-and-sixpence. It looks all right, but when you turn it up, or Mr. Church, the Librarian of the Victorian Parliamentary Library, turns it for you, it is to reveal to you that the Reformed Parliament of 1832 did not provide its Speaker with a very elaborate seat. Indeed, the seat itself is nothing but an old soap-box, or some such thing, unmistakably emanating from a grocer's shop. This is covered over with American cloth, is cushioned, fitted with arms and a rough back, which are also padded and covered with American cloth—and there you are!

It is worth mentioning, in connection with this chair, that it was owing to the fact that the Whigs had not got a candidate with sufficient experience to take the Chair, that Manners-Sutton, who was a strong Tory, was re-elected Speaker by the Reformed Parliament. Joseph Hume, the aggressive Radical, wrote to Lord Spencer—who had only lately been elevated to the Lords—protesting against the selection of the old Speaker. "Measures should be adopted," said he, "to select a Speaker elected and nominated by Reformers instead of allowing Sir Charles Manners-Sutton, one of the most determined Tories in the kingdom, to take the Chair in the Reformed Parliament."

The protest, however, was unavailing, and Manners-Sutton was re-elected Speaker, occupying the position till he was raised to the peerage, in 1835. The chair stands now in one of the rooms of the choicest library in the Southern Hemisphere, with a brass plate screwed through the American cloth on to its plain, rough, wooden base, relating the story of its past services and its acquisition by Victoria.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



ABRAHAM'S OFFERING.—TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

## ART NOTES.

The picture by Teniers the Younger reproduced in these pages, "Abraham's Offering," is a very fine example of that painter's tender and exquisite art. The sacrificing father is not represented in the righteous fury of his self-abnegation, as too many painters have presented him to the world, but, with gentle hands, supporting his boy, who kneels in an attitude of prayer. The knife lies disused upon the ground hard by, and in the distance a shining landscape completes a contrast with the solemn place of sacrifice. The composition of the work is as simple as it is effective, and its sentiment is pervaded by a solemnity and a tolerance which are lovely and deserving of all praise.

A rather different species of work, also here reproduced, is "Baby's First Friend," by Eugen Felix, a frankly domestic work appealing to a generation which is perhaps regarded now in some quarters as a trifle old-fashioned. The child sleeps in its basket-cradle, while by its

Not with these alone, however, will the beauties of the exhibition be exhausted. As a very significant contrast to so large a proportion of works by Academicians, the pictures in the Whistler room will be hung separately, with great attention to the general effect of colour. There will also be an excellent collection of water-colours, which are, indeed, to form one of the most important features of the exhibition. These words are written before the actual opening of the show, which was to have taken place on Monday, Aug. 31, the private view having been fixed for the preceding Saturday. It may be worth while to mention that the hanging committee consisted of Messrs. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., J. J. Shannon, and A. E. Broekbank. It is probable that this exhibition will prove to be the most attractive provincial show of the whole year. The Walker Art Gallery, in truth, never falls below its reputation.

The art of miniature-painting has come to be associated so definitely with the habits, the sentimentality, and the custom of a bygone generation, that many will probably learn with surprise of the formation of a Society



BABY'S FIRST FRIEND.—EUGEN FELIX.

side the dog sits upright with alert outlook and protecting body. The picture is firmly drawn, with accuracy and intelligence, and the whole sentiment is irreproachably holy and innocent. Upon these qualities the structure of many high reputations was built thirty years ago; this was the stuff of which Royal Academicians were made. The wheel of Fortune has taken a turn; there is nothing more serious than that in the matter.

For the great autumn exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool a collection has been made which should attract a very considerable amount of attention. The late Sir John Millais is represented by "The Empty Cage," which is to hang in the Grosvenor Room, where also is to hang Professor Herkomer's portrait of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the Earl of Derby. Sir E. Burne-Jones is represented by his "Sponsa de Libano," and Mr. Orchardson, R.A., by "The First Dance." Mr. Watts will be known by the beautiful picture of this year's New Gallery, "The Infancy of Jupiter," and his "Time, Death, and Judgment." Mr. Waterhouse will show his "Pandora," Mr. Greiffenhagen his "Choice of Paris," and other artists to be represented are Mr. J. Sant, R.A., Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., and Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A.

of Miniature-Painters, which is to hold its first show some time about the middle of this month. It is, of course, a fact that the practical extinction of miniature-painting in this country was due entirely to the neglect of it on the part of our best artists, and to its relegation entirely to third- and fourth-rate men. It was not so much the genuine possibilities of the miniature having been found wanting, but rather the wretched level to which its choice specimens came to be reduced, that destroyed its credit among all who cared anything about art. The new society, therefore, does well to insist upon exclusiveness as a preliminary condition of its existence. It will consist of no more than fifty members, among whom figure the names of Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Poynter, Alyn Williams, and also that of Miss Alice Mott, about whom a contemporary justly observes that her "triumphant success this year at the Paris Salon, as well as at the Royal Academy, marks her out as one of the most promising miniaturists of our day." So that we have reason to look forward to the resurrection in England of the artistic miniature.

The last two exhibitions held at the Dudley Gallery during this year were attended with great success, one-sixth of the pictures exhibited having been sold.





MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



BOER AUXILIARY TROOPER, MATABELELAND, 1896.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





A SCOUT OF THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S FORCES, MATABELELAND, 1896.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## SPORTING LITERATURE OF THE PAST.

## II.—HUNTING AND COACHING.

The various magazines of sport mentioned in the previous paper fix the limits of the "Past" about the sporting literature of which we are writing. We might go further back than Wheble, of course. The Englishman always has been a sportsman, and always will be, it would seem; in which assurance the collector of sporting literature goes on his way rejoicing, confident that for long, as at the present day, books of sport will keep their value more consistently than any others. The line stretches away back from Colonel Cook (to take writers on hunting alone), through Meynell and Blane and Beckford to Gervase Markham and Tuberville and Julia Berners. But it is the literature of a nearer "Past" we are thinking of—that supplied by the band of contributors to one or other of the sporting magazines.

There was, for example, Charles Brindley, "Harry Hicover," who reprinted about the middle of the century half-a-dozen works on hunting, some of which, at least, will be found in the well-equipped sporting library.



SUNRISE.



THE LEAP; OR, HOW TO MAKE THE THING SELECT.

Cornelius Tongue, again, wrote, under the pseudonym of "Cecil," much both practical and descriptive that won the approval of Whyte-Melville. The great hunting novelist was then one of the right-hand men on the *Sporting Review* of "Craven," Captain I. W. Carleton, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards. Lord Harley ("Member for Christchurch" and "Young Forester"), Lord William Lennox, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, John Mills, were others of the band. The greatest of them all, however, was "Nimrod." "Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the Choice of Hunters, and their Management," appeared in 1831, the year of his joining the staff of the *New Sporting Magazine*, from which was reprinted much of the "Hunting Tours" and the "Northern Tour." "The Chace, the Turf, and the Road" was a reprint of three famous papers in the *Quarterly Review*. It was published in 1837, the same year in which the Life of the extraordinary John Mytton appeared in volume form. During the next six years "Nimrod" published several works which must always find places in a hunting-list.

"Nimrod's" books suitably introduce us to a man whose name must ever be associated with the sporting literature of this period.

Of Henry Alken's life comparatively little appears to be known. There is a story about his having been huntsman, stud-groom, or trainer, to the Duke of Beaufort. Whether that be true or not, he began to publish, under the name of "Ben Tally-Ho," sporting drawings that attracted immediate attention. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1824, relates that some of the Meltonians suspected a celebrated London surgeon of being "Ben Tally-Ho." He was the only man who came among them from London capable, in their estimation, of such a thing. "Their own familiar friend, Alken, the man with whom they had for years taken sweet counsel" (it is not said in what capacity), they never thought of, until he blabbed it out one night to Sir Francis Burdett and half-a-dozen more of the set. The *Blackwood* writer places Alken high above Cruikshank as a sporting caricaturist, and therein most sportsmen will agree with him. Cruikshank, it is said, "can do a dandy, but not the thing"; whereas Alken can, being a gentleman who lived



A WELL-KNOWN HALTING-PLACE.





"COLD AND DEEP WAS THE FORD."

among gentlemen. Cruikshank, by the way, had done the drawings for Pierce Egan's "Life in London," one of the most notable imitations of which, "Real Life in London," was illustrated by Alken.

Possibly Alken's drawings of the road, of overturning coaches especially, are even better known than his hunting pictures. He supplied the illustrations for "Nimrod's" "Chace, Turf, and Road," in the 1870 edition of which the same plates appear coloured. It is to be noticed that in sporting books the plates are no sure guide to the edition. It was the common practice for the owner of a book to get bound up with it odd plates that had taken his fancy. Thus a "Life of Jack Mytton" may come into your hands containing drawings that were never published with it, though, as likely as not, they will be Alken's.

When "Nimrod" wrote his *Quarterly Review* article coaching was at its best. Each First of May there was a grand parade of all the mail-coaches in London. They met in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or some such roomy place, with the best horseflesh in the traces, and the coachmen in their new liveries; and then they drove through all the principal streets in the West-End, and the same night a dinner was given to guards and coachmen at Westminster. The mails were really well worked. By this time, as an old coachman said, "had come Mr. McAdam, with his hammers, sand, and resin, and the crooked places were made straight and the rough places plain and hard." Jack Willan drove the Times from London to Brighton and back—one hundred miles a day—and made his seven hundred a-year by it. "Nimrod" gets enthusiastic over the speed the coaches had attained. Just fancy! From London to York, which once took six days, was covered now in twenty hours. But the old times on "The Road" were really coming to an end, and the next coaching-books we come to are addressed, like those of Reynardson's "Reminiscences," to



THE OLD SCHOOL.

the "Chips of the Old Block who aspire to the rekindling of the Light of Other Days."

There is one work, with a real Other-day flavour, which is not to be passed with a mere mention. It is "Paterson's Roads; Being an Entirely Accurate Description of all the Direct and Principal Cross Roads in England and Wales, with part of the Roads of Scotland." The copy in our hands is Moggs' enlargement of Colonel Paterson's work, published in 1829; the fat volume of nearly eight hundred pages bears traces of having been knocked about in many a boot, and the corner of a leaf here and there is turned down, as if ready to some hand that has ceased to gather the reins many a year ago. Let us look for a moment at

### THE COACHMAN'S "BRADSHAW."

We will suppose that we are back in the beginning of the century, and, taking a romantic view of things, meditate a bolt to Gretna Green. Turning to our Coaching *Bradshaw*, we should look up Gretna in the General Index, and find it thus—

GENERAL INDEX [ 22 ] TO THE ROADS.

242 \*Gretna Bridge, Yorksh. 229 George. Griffin.  
315 \*Gretna Green, Dumf. 230 Gretna Hall.  
97 Griff, Warr. 198.

EXPLANATION.—Gretna Green is a village (being printed in Roman) in Dumfries-shire; supplies post-horses (\*), has an inn, Gretna Hall, is 315 miles in direct distance from London, and the direct Road will be shown on page 230.



SOME HEARTS OF OAK.

We now look up page 230, and find that we are at Section VII., "Great and Direct Roads measured from Hicks's Hall, with the Roads branching from them to Market and Sea-port Towns." Here is the reference—

230		LONDON TO CARLISLE, CONTINUED TO GLASGOW.	
MEASURED FROM HICKS'S HALL	TO	MEASURED FROM HICKS'S HALL	TO
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1001	1001	1001	1001
1002	1002	1002	1002
1003	1003	1003	1003
1004	1004	1004	1004
1005	1005	1005	1005
1006	1006	1006	1006
1007	1007	1007	1007
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1009	1009	1009	1009
1010	1010	1010	1010
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1016	1016	1016	1016
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1048	1048	1048	1048
1049	1049	1049	1049
1050	1050	1050	1050

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## LXIII.—THE "BRISTOL MERCURY."

The average newspaper-reading Londoner is inclined to think—nay, does think—that his own favourite morning or evening sheet is the *one* paper in the world, the most excellently conducted, and the most admirably supplied with news. This attitude merely emphasises the fact that the average Londoner is a very parochial person, narrow in his views and parsimonious of appreciation. Did he care to examine what are slightly called the "country papers," or the "provincial sheets," he would find that most of them—of the dailies, at least—are newspapers in the literal sense of the word, well arranged, well edited, well sub-edited, and with reputations for thoroughness and general excellence not a whit behind those of the great London dailies. One such newspaper is the *Bristol Mercury*, or, to give it its full title, the *Bristol Mercury, Daily Post, Western Counties and South Wales Advertiser*.

The *Bristol Mercury* made its first appearance in 1790 as a weekly paper, having had as predecessor the *Bristol Weekly Mercury*, which appeared first so long ago as Oct. 5, 1715. This latter journal consisted of six pages, or a sheet and a half, a somewhat curious size adopted for the purpose of evading the Stamp Duty (imposed in 1712 on all "printed sheets and half sheets"), and it survived the vicissitudes of that troublous period in English history for something over a year. The *Bristol Mercury* proper, the one which comes down to our own day, made its appearance on March 1, 1790, as a paper of four pages, each 18 in. by 12 in., containing four short columns, and was sold for threepence-halfpenny. In 1793 it was enlarged to five columns a page, and in 1814, as a result of another halfpenny being added to the Stamp Duty, the price went up to the extravagant sum of sevenpence. In 1818, three years after Waterloo, Thomas John Manchec, a printer and bookseller in Bristol, became editor, consequent on a change of proprietorship, and under his liberal-minded direction the *Mercury* increased in popularity as well as in power. Manchec introduced leading articles into it, identified the political policy of the paper with constitutional liberty, and advocated social progress and legislative reform with persistence and far-sightedness. In 1823, having become his own "proprietor," Manchec changed the time of publication from Monday morning to Monday evening (for Tuesday morning), "partly to satisfy the scruples of sundry Sabbatarian supporters, partly because of the publication on Friday of the *London Gazette*, hitherto issued on Saturday morning. To retail this had been the great advantage of the *Mercury*, which enjoyed twenty-four hours' start, as the London Monday papers did not then reach the city till Tuesday morning. What a happy time that must have been for the provincial journalist!"

In 1829 the *Mercury* passed into the hands of William Henry Somerton, who laid the foundation of that success which it boasts to-day, and who succeeded in placing it in the first rank of provincial newspapers. His great opportunity came with the Bristol Riots of 1831, and, says the historian of the *Mercury*, "so earnest and unremitting were his exertions

in securing for the *Mercury* a full and exact record of all incidents of that terrible time that for more than a week he had no regular rest whatever.

This achievement brought him well-merited renown, and his report was afterwards reprinted, with the subsequent trials and proceedings, and is the accepted history of the Bristol Riots."

This feat, together with his publication of a series of able articles on the dues and management of the local docks, and a timely reduction of the Stamp Duty from threepence to a penny, helped to raise the weekly circulation from eleven hundred to two thousand. By leaps and bounds it went on increasing its popularity; and this is not to be wondered at



MR. WILLIAM LEWIS.

Photo by Lewis, Bath.

when one remembers that, in addition to a great mass of news, some attractive tale was given every week and "an unusual amount of space" was devoted to "light reading."

Mr. Somerton's sons, Charles and George, undertook the management in 1859. They very soon discovered that once a-week was not often enough to supply news to the busy commercial population of Bristol. So in 1860 the *Bristol Daily Post* began to be published on the five days of the week on which the *Mercury* did not appear, and in 1878 the

two papers were merged into one, being called the *Bristol Mercury and Daily Post*, and sold at a penny, the Saturday Supplement, at the same price, being practically a separate paper.

The present proprietors, Messrs. William Lewis and Son, came into possession on June 30, 1883, and at once showed that they intended to make modernity and thoroughness their watchword. Mr. Harold Lewis, the editor, was brought up to journalism, and spends his life in it. His aim is to take a strong lead in local affairs, the agitation for Greater Bristol (that is, for an enlargement of the municipal boundaries) having originated in the *Mercury*. Nothing has been done in the matter for forty years, and there is a large population just outside which really belongs to the city. The population in official returns is a little over 200,000; it ought to be nearly 300,000. Mr. Harold Lewis takes an active interest in politics, and is honorary secretary of the Bristol Liberal Federation, and vice-president of the North Somerset Liberal Association, and of the University of London Liberal Association, as he is a Bachelor of Arts of that University, as was his predecessor, the late Charles Somerton. He assisted in the formation of the Bristol district of the Institute of Journalists, has been



MR. HAROLD LEWIS.

Photo by Simpson, Clifton.

its chairman, and is a member of the committee. On the unanimous recommendation of the district he was elected to the Fellowship of the Institute. He held for ten years a captain's commission in the 2nd Gloucestershire Volunteer Royal Engineers. A special feature in the *Mercury* is a column, "The Talk of Bristol," which treats local affairs as interestingly as a lobby correspondent does parliamentary. Among the novelists who have made their appearance in the pages of the *Mercury* are James Payn, George Manville Fenn, the late Charles Reade, Dr. Gordon Stables, Jules Verne, Emile Zola, and W. Clark Russell. Mr. William Lewis, the senior partner, resides in Bath, where he takes an active part in public affairs, having sat in the Town Council for several years. He is also a magistrate for the city. Ten years ago the Bath Theatre Royal, the first patent theatre out of London, was about to be closed for the season, owing to a succession of unfortunate managers, when Mr. Lewis took the matter up to save the city of fashion from this calamity, and has managed the theatre very successfully ever since. Mr. Lewis has been President of the Provincial Newspaper Society, and has passed through the much-coveted position of Chairman of the Press Association. He is a member of the Committee of the Newspaper Society and of the Council of the Theatrical Managers' Association.

Such in brief is the history of the *Bristol Mercury*, and it is an admirable example of the success that is bound to follow an earnest endeavour to be at one with the spirit of the age, and at the same time supply each individual reader with the particular commodity he demands.

## REFLECTIONS OF A HERMIT ON A BOTTLE.

In solitary grot a Hermit wept,  
Not for that gilded pill the World, but only  
Because it irked him that his business kept  
His hearth so lonely.

There stood a Bottle by him, from the deep  
Of its still bosom silently demanding:  
"Drink, gentle Hermit! Is it well to keep  
A Bottle standing?"

"Alas!" quoth he; "it needs *two* words to rhyme—  
*Two* hearts to love—*two* merry glasses clinking,  
*Two* mutual souls athirst in tune and time,  
For happy drinking."

The Bottle smiled: "Nay, Hermit, fill thy glass—  
The thing is good and just that thou requirest;  
Trust but in me, and all shall come to pass  
As thou desirest."

The Hermit filled, and drank, and mellowed grew,  
And, looking to the Bottle to confirm its  
Word, saw two Bottles, each reflecting two  
Convivial Hermits.

Life.



# THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PARSON : William, William ! what 's this ?—spending your hard earnings in getting drunk !

WILLIAM : How be t—hic !—if yer 'ave it—hic !—give to yer—hic !—like ?

PARSON (*aside*) : There is no answer to this kind of logic.



TOMKINS : The royal baby has not lived long, has it, Simpkins ?  
SIMPKINS : Be it dead ?  
TOMKINS : No, but it has not lived long. Good morning !





A SEASIDE SIREN.



LOVE'S LESSON.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE FRANKNESS OF GARTHORNE.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

There is nothing quite so pleasant as the first evening in town after a sufficient absence. Mr. Bertram Lane, home from climbing Himalayas, from living for months with travelling natives, and extracting from them with great difficulty one or two of their secrets; from, in short, an adventurous time that would certainly have to be written about in a book, stood in front of his dressing-table and smiled genially at his reflection. It was good to hear the boys below shouting the evening papers, good to listen to the rattle of the traffic, pleasant to hear Mrs. Reckitts sniff as she fed the fire in the next room. A large portmanteau yawned on the bed, and when Mr. Lane had settled his necktie—he had had little practice in the tying of dress cravats lately—he looked casually at the topmost stratum.

"Men Ali's packet!" he exclaimed.

He took up a small, flat, blue sachet, and absently placed it in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"It's a pity," he said "that I've only enough for one dose. But as I shall never want to use that, why— Come in."

Mrs. Reckitts said, "Beg pardon, but Mr. Garthorne just called and said he could only stay two minutes. Would Mr. Lane be long?"

"Tell him to come in here, Mrs. Reckitts."

Mrs. Reckitts said "Very good," and a moment later a loud-voiced young man stamped into the room. He shook Bertram Lane's hand very hard indeed, and slapped him on the back in the manner that few dare assume outside the region of the stage.

"My dear old chap!" said the effusive Mr. Garthorne, "welcome back! Welcome back to Old England!"

Mr. Garthorne spoke as though the country belonged by entail to him. He went to the mirror and arranged the flowers in his coat with great care; he also took one or two glances at himself in different positions as he talked.

"I can't stay," he rattled on, "so it's no use of your begging me to do so; but I particularly wanted to hear all about your Indian trot round, and that's why I called. What on earth are you getting into evening-dress for at this hour?"

"I'm going to dine at a restaurant," said Lane, "alone, and then—"

"I never dine at restaurants," interrupted Garthorne. "Always dine out with someone or other. Awfully in demand, don't you know. Sometimes engaged three deep. Going on later to Mrs. Wynne's to-night."

"So am I," said Lane.

"Fact of the matter is," went on Garthorne rapidly, "I've become deucedly gone on the young woman since I saw you last."

Mr. Bertram Lane gripped suddenly a stoutly backed hair-brush. Apparently changing his mind, he only gave his carefully parted hair an unnecessary touch.

"I don't know whether you've ever noticed it," said the agreeable Garthorne, "but Mrs. Wynne has really a most charming face."

"I've been so long away," said Bertram Lane, "that—"

"In fact," said Garthorne, looking narrowly at a speck on his glove, "I, at the present time, my dear old chap, stand between two fires. On the one hand is Mrs. Wynne, who is very delightful, as I have just told you, but who has to paint for a living—a very good living, I admit; but still, she has to work for it—"

"Horrible!" said Mr. Lane.

"And on the other hand is an American girl with money, to whom I have only to say 'Shall we?' and she would say at once, 'Rather!'"

"The American girl pretty?"

"Miss Remond is a good girl," said the confident Garthorne, "a good girl, but flat. I'm going to call upon her now, and I can't stop longer. Awfully glad to hear about your adventures. Tell me the rest another time. Bye."

Mr. Garthorne went, waving his hand and humming a cheerful air, and Lane sat down heavily on the bed. He nursed one knee in the contemplative way that some men have, and nodded his head gently.

"I've had my own way," said Mr. Lane at length, "for some months past, and I want to keep the game up for a while longer. But first of all—dinner."

Dinner, therefore, at an Italian restaurant in Rupert Street, where one or two old friends were encountered, and civilisation, in the shape of expectant young people going presently to the theatres, was present. Then to Mrs. Wynne's.

"I found among my letters," said Mr. Lane rather awkwardly, "a card from you asking me to call on a date nearly twelve months since, and I—"

"You are rather late, Bertram," said young Mrs. Wynne sedately; "but I am really glad to see you. And if you have been in India, why, of course, you couldn't be in Bruton Street. Even a traveller can only be in one place at a time."

"That is the maximum number, Ella."

"I'm glad you have come early, too. There will be a small crowd here directly, and then a hostess always has to act. Indeed, I think we all act when there is an audience. Some of my friends never come off the stage at all. Do you mind doing me a favour?"

"You know quite well that I would do anything for you."

"Would you mind telling me," she said nervously, "that I don't look a minute older than I did when you went away?"

"You do not look a moment older," he said obediently, "than you did when I went away."

"Thank you. And now, will you tell me why the postal arrangements between India and London have been abolished during the last twelve months?"

"You know quite well, Ella," he said, flushing, "that I never write letters. I dislike letter-writing."

"It is an inconvenient form of hatred. But I suppose that when you don't want to remember people it is easy not to write to them."

"You can't think for one moment, Ella, that I had forgotten you?"

"The fact is too obvious to require a moment's thought."

"But I declare," cried Lane excitedly, "that you do me a great injustice. For months I have been in places where it was impossible to post letters."

"Or to write them?"

"Ella, dear, I can see that you are annoyed."

"I am glad," she said severely, rising as some guests were announced, "that I have made the fact sufficiently obvious. I will endeavour to make it still more palpable this evening."

Mr. Bertram Lane went angrily to a corner of the well-furnished room and glowered at a screen of photographs. The feeling that his eternal indisposition to write letters was being worthily punished only assisted his indignation. To be punished when one does not deserve punishment is irritating; to be so treated when one does deserve it is galling. Someone spoke to him and introduced Miss Remond. The room was filling, for young Mrs. Wynne was popular, and her evenings were nearly always amusing—but not quite always.

"Heard you'd just come back from all sorts of outlandish places," said Miss Remond briskly. The industrious Garthorne, who was chattering to the hostess at the doorway, had given Bertram a description of the American girl that was at once candid and correct. "Sit down right here, Mr. Lane, and tell me all about it."

"Let me know what you would like to hear?" said Bertram Lane.

"Begin where you like and finish where you like. Place this chair behind the screen, and then we shan't be interrupted by folk who sing. Did you come across any of those conjuring fellows that you hear talk about? I saw one years ago when I was about—mean to say when I was younger—and he gave me a real fright with the tricks he did."

"I think the cleverest man in that way," said Bertram, "was an old man called Men Ali. Men Ali could do everything."

"Useful?"

"I remember one night, at a little place on the Ganges, he performed, as it seemed to me, none of the tricks that I had seen other conjurers do, and all of the possible tricks that they could never do. One or two of them were unpleasant and—"

"That's the sort I want to hear about."

"They are the sort, Miss Remond, that I don't want to talk about. Are you fond of music?"

"I forget," said the American lady. "Tell me some more about your friend Men Ali."

Lane considered for a moment. He touched his waistcoat pocket absently, and took out the small envelope.

"Why," he said good-humouredly, "this reminds me of a trick of his that, fortunately, was not so very ghastly. Men Ali gave me just this small dose because I—well, I did something kind for him when he was in trouble."

"What's the stuff good for?" demanded Miss Remond. "Looks just like an ordinary powder."

"As a fact, it is an extraordinary powder. I don't know whether it would have any effect outside the radius of Men Ali's presence, but this is what happened one night near Calcutta. Things had been lost from our luggage, and we told Men Ali that, as a clever man, he should turn his abilities to some good effect and discover the thief."

A girl sat at the piano, on the urgent request of young Mrs. Wynne, and commenced playing a few of Grieg's happy, quaint little dances."

"And discover the thief," continued Lane, lowering his voice.

"I like crime," said the American lady. "Fire along!"

"This powder was placed in a glass of water, which was sipped by each of the attendants. Then they were interrogated by me, and when I came to the last, the chief of them, the man who had drawn my attention to the robberies, and the only man of the whole set whom I trusted—he said quite calmly that he had taken the articles."

"And do you mean to say, Mr. Lane, that anybody who takes this powder is forced while the effect is on him to tell the real, solemn, right down, absolute truth?"

One of the dances finished. The girl at the piano began another.

"The absolute truth," said Bertram Lane.

He looked between a huge palm at the people in the room, and watched with especial interest the young hostess. She seemed feverishly anxious to evade his gaze; she beckoned insistently to Garthorne, and when Garthorne with his cup of coffee came, whispered to him in a confidential manner. As Lane observed the interest of the other guests in this mark of special intimacy his brown face reddened.

"Want to shoot someone?" asked Miss Remond.

"I must confess that I wish I'd brought my gun."

"Big game?"

"No, Miss Remond; small."

"There's just as much fun in that," said the American lady. "Tell you what you can do for me, Mr. Lane. Directly this girl's finished tuning the piano tell Mr. Garthorne I want him."

The task proved a little difficult, inasmuch as that agreeable rattle was in a ring of attentive listeners recounting an incident of singular interest, wherein figured an abusive cabman, a horsewhip, the abusive cabman's child, and himself gallantly interfering on behalf of the over-worked horsewhip and the child. A murmur of approval was offered to the heroic youth, and he sipped his coffee as though he were drinking to his own health.

"Garthorne," said Lane, "will you give Miss Remond two minutes?"

"I suppose I'd better," said Garthorne reluctantly. "It's as well to keep in with everybody. I often feel that I should like to speak my mind plainly, but—recite, Mrs. Wynne? With much pleasure. I just want to speak first to Miss Remond, and then I will do anything, if only for the sake of your *beaux yeux*."

There was a tender softening of Mr. Garthorne's voice at these last words. His manners were, indeed, of a highly finished order; merely to see him carry his coffee-cup was a generous education. Miss Remond made him stand the cup on an occasional table, the while she spoke confidentially to him.

"Don't you know," said Garthorne impressively, "that I am yours, and yours alone? Why do you doubt me just because I have to wear a mask when I look at the world? Can't you see how impatiently—"

"Very well," said Miss Remond. "Just sip at your coffee and go and recite—you have to moisten your lips for the dreadful deed. Don't make it too long, that's all. I can't stand recitations well when they're short; when they're not, they just make me tired."

"It shall be brief," said Mr. Garthorne, "because you wish it."

He sipped at his coffee and strolled away to the side of the piano. He placed one hand on the top of the instrument, and the young hostess said "Hush!" to one or two guests who were talking. As Mr. Garthorne looked around the room, the expression of his face altered. Suddenly he began to laugh loudly, and the room laughed too, under the impression that this was the prelude to a diverting performance, as, indeed, it proved to be.

"Well," said Garthorne, leaning against the wall, "of all the damned silly people, I declare to goodness you are the worst. I'm a bit of a fool, but I'm a bit of a fox too, and I can manage you all just as I like, especially you women."

There was a laugh again at this, but it was a nervous laugh, as though the laughter were not quite sure. The young hostess, standing near to Bertram Lane, grew for a moment rather white. From the screen Miss Remond with clasped hands watched.

"What I can't quite make up my mind about," went on Mr. Garthorne frankly, "is which of two particular women out of the lot of you I shall marry. Fact of the matter is, I'm getting deucedly hard-up, and that rather hampers one."

He stopped and looked calmly round the room. Bertram Lane, noticing the American girl's interest, suddenly crossed over to her.

"Where is that packet?" he demanded sharply.

"I've used it," answered Miss Remond without withdrawing her gaze. "Don't interfere. He's giving himself away."

"I've only got a few pounds left," said Garthorne, going on easily, "and I expect I shall have to take that flat-footed, flat-headed, flat—"

"Garthorne," cried Lane, "don't be an idiot!"

"But what I shall do will be this: I shall keep them both well in hand until the proper moment arrives. See? There's another girl, too, a music-hall girl, whom I shall have to drop, but I can easily make up a lie or two that will settle her for a bit. After I'm married I can look her up again, perhaps. There's plenty of fun in this world if you're only clever enough to look for it." He turned to Bertram, "Lane, you bouncer!" he said, "what the devil are you doing here? Why didn't you stay in India?"

"I'll tell you if you'll come downstairs," said Bertram Lane.

"Downstairs be hanged!" said Garthorne. "I don't want to see the kitchen-maid. My mother was a kitchen-maid once; but I always tell people that she was an Austrian baroness. They swallow everything I like to tell them." He laughed uproariously and winked at the American girl in the corner. "Good old figure one!" he cried; "I've got my eye upon you! You just wait, Miss Remond, until I get a letter from Minnesota giving some figures, and then I shall either go to Mrs. Wynne and say, 'Look here, sweet—'"

Lane pushed past the white-faced young hostess and gripped Garthorne by the shoulder. Without much difficulty he guided the unfortunate youth out of the room and downstairs into the hall.

"Get your hat and coat," said Lane definitely, "and go away home. You'll be like this for quite an hour."

"What the devil do you mean by pushing me about like this, Lane? You're not master of this house, and, what is more, you never will be."

"That," said the young lady on the stairs, "that is a question that rests with me. Please see him out, Bertram, dear, and then come back. I want to tell you something."

Garthorne did not go home. Instead, he went to his club, and there he spoke his mind to several influential members with exceeding openness until he fell asleep in the smoking-room. The club has since asked him to resign his membership, and a good many houses are closed to him. For the life of him, Garthorne cannot guess the cause, for he declares that he has always endeavoured to be pleasant to everybody.

## LAST NIGHT.

We had seen Signorina Campana dance Rip Van Winkle's senses away in the heart of the Kaatskill Mountains, watched Faust flirting with old-world demi-mondaines in a Tartarus as near to Elysium as ever I wish to go, and caught a glimpse of Barney Barnato drinking whisky-and-soda in the Empire's Moorish Bar. Then we went to supper, and after to a club. Therein, the modern descendants of Phryne, Aspasia, Cleopatra, Semiramis, and other perfect ladies danced gaily and inoffensively, an orchestra played excellent music, and all the men about town left in the metropolis congregated. There was a kaleidoscopic vision of bright and whirling dresses, a constant ripple of light laughter, an occasional hysteric pop of champagne corks, and a prevalent sense of jollity quite un-English, you know, but decorous withal. What wonder that the three hearts belonging to our party waxed very light? Had we remained content with our comfort, these lines had never been penned, but at three a.m. the dancing-saloon became heated beyond the power of ventilators or the endurance of man, and we departed with straight and steady gait startling alike to the janitors and to the cabmen who are accustomed to run their vehicles as ambulance waggons to a male majority of the club.

"Strollin' round the Town," as the song has it, we made friends with policemen and bought copies of the *Morning Leader* offered by boys who certainly take time by the forelock. Silence reigned in Soho, through whose purlieus we strayed; in Piccadilly the lamplighter extinguishing all illumination reigned supreme. A chill in the air accompanied by a thirst we would not sell found us in Bond Street. We held a council of war. Five minutes later we were off to the classic spot where Jack Jones may be seen "standin' all alone." Through Leicester Square and Long Acre we marched steadily and hopefully, turned to the right, and found ourselves in the heart of market life. Porters, market-gardeners, policemen, thieves, hangers-on of all sorts, all earning money, honestly if possible. Far on the left, where the market approaches the Strand, a house of refreshment was all alight. Thither we wended. In a large bar horny-handed sons of toil drank steaming coffee and ate saveloys. We entered chilled and hungry, looked around, and took our seats at a table, the cynosure of every pair of eyes in the place. Nobody came near to do our bidding, and at last I went to the counter. "Let us have some of the best of everything at once or sooner," I said. "Sorry, sir, we can't serve you," answered the siren addressed. Astonishment struck me dumb. "You and your friends are not porters or market men," she continued, glancing at our faultless get-up; "we can't serve you till five o'clock." It lacked ten minutes to the fourth hour; a sound of derisive laughter passed through the room. Here was a triumph of democracy to gladden the heart of John Burns. The market men happy, eating and drinking; we three rejected and cast out to starve because we were in evening-dress. Yet we had probably worked as industriously as any man present, although in a different way. Why had we no right to obtain the sustenance for which we pined? Is civilisation waiting for me to rise, like another Cobden, and devote my life to the repeal of the Refreshment Laws?

I tried persuasion. "Let me make you a present," I suggested, pulling out half-a-sovereign, "and you make us one." She shook her head. "We are hungry and thirsty," I pleaded; "give us food and shelter, and we will pay in an hour and ten minutes." She shook her head again. "My friend," said the South African of our little crowd, addressing one of the horny-handed, "do you buy three cups of coffee and sell them to us at a profit." "I dussent take no libaties," said the one addressed, winking to the bar-maiden. We gave in, and went out.

To a sympathetic policeman outside we told our tale of woe, and he said "Gorblimy" in a tone of encouragement. Finally, he gave us advice. "You must try to bluff 'em," he remarked. "Go to the other place over the road, button your coats up, and try your luck." We did as he bade us. Down we went to a hostelry not a hundred miles from Henrietta Street, coats buttoned up, no gloves visible, hats slouched down. I went to the bar in a great hurry. "Three coffees, my dear, and look sharp," I said, in my best agricultural, just-up-from-the-country, hasn't-been-in-London-long tone of voice. But they know their business in these parts. "At five o'clock, sir," said she, while a faint smile flirted with her cheek for half a second and disappeared as suddenly as it came. "We are attached to the market," said the man who economises truth. "At five o'clock, sir," she repeated. Like the sailor's wife mentioned in "Macbeth," the men around us "munched and munched." Sick at heart, cold, hungry, thirsty, we rushed from gaslight to daylight and told our pal the policeman. "Nothing for it, then," he said, sympathetically enough; "try Lockhart's." There was no alternative.

Crowds of the submerged tenth were enjoying their "ha'p'orth o' thick and a doorstep"—that is, a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread-and-butter. Others equally submerged, but less pecunious, sat asleep on the chairs or over the tables. With sudden instinct we went downstairs where there were no people; but the heat was intense. Nobody came to serve us. Desperate, we went up again; but—it was too much: we fled incontinently. The heat, the flies, the—well, let us say no more about it. We "retreated, baffled, beaten," as Kabibonokka from Shingebis the diver, in days of old, and roamed westward again in search of cabs. It was a lovely morning. We staggered painfully along, starving with pockets full of money; cast out, rejected, trampled on by absurd laws. Loafers and paper-boys pointed at us with the finger of scorn or early edition of derision; the sparrows in Leicester Square woke to jeer at us from the tree-tops. Outside my modest resting-place we stayed a moment to curse all licensing laws, and then, as the clock struck a quarter to five, parted sorrowfully. S. L. B.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

This is the period of holiday cricket. It always brings sadness with it to the true lover of cricket as a serious game, and, for my own part, I consider it wrong that this sort of thing should be incorporated with the season's first-class averages.

Scarborough is bad enough, but I think Wembley Park and the Crystal Palace are worse. At Sydenham the Australians were opposed early in the season by a good team, so far as well-known names go; but the spirit in which the game was played was so negligent that it was absolutely farcical to regard the play as first-class. I don't know that I have any particular objection to holiday cricket, so far as that goes—in fact, it comes as a pleasant relief to the intense keenness with which county championship matches are fought out, and, for that matter, the question of averages would not be so vital were it not that the public attaches tremendous importance to it, and that they are heeded by county executives in making up the teams. What, in my opinion, should be done is to exclude from first-class figures all matches outside the county championship, and those in which the Universities are engaged, providing such matches are not played at the Oval or at Lord's.

To-morrow we begin the winding-up series of matches, and, as a matter of fact, the season will be brought to a close on Monday next with the annual meeting between the North and the South at Hastings. Much of the interest in the season's play vanished, of course, with the allocation of the county championship.

The outstanding matches are naturally of the holiday character. Nevertheless, the meeting of the South of England and the Australians in the first match of the Hastings Festival is bound to prove attractive. I don't think the South ever was so strong as it is this season, but, despite that, I do not mean to say that the South team here is representative of the full strength at command.

Butt, who is to keep wicket, is a smart "keeper," but I would like to see Wood, of Surrey, given a chance. I don't think it is generally realised that Wood's work is far more onerous than that of any other wicket-keeper, for Richardson and Lockwood require a deal of taking. Mr. F. G. Bull, of Essex, than whom there is now no cleverer medium-pace bowler, ought also to have his merits recognised, though, perhaps, he is not needed with Mr. Townsend in the team.

On the same days the Scarborough Festival comes to a conclusion with Yorkshire v. M.C.C. and Ground. The "Club" will be represented by a very "thick" team, including MacLaren, O'Brien, Jessop, Storer, Davidson, Alec-Hearne, and Chatterton, but I rather fancy the chances of the Northerners.

As a finale, the South should defeat the North at Hastings on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next. Both sides are very strong, and it is rather a pity that the "holiday" nature of the fixture will detract from the importance which should attach to so interesting a test.

## FOOTBALL.

For all practical purposes the cricket season is over, and one can now take a brief peep into the future of the Football Leagues. I suppose it is the right thing to say that the ensuing season will be the best on record. That is a hoary institution. But, really, I am looking confidently forward to a good time, and, after all, it is only fair to presume that each succeeding season must be superior to the last in the natural way of development. It is, of course, well known that the First Division Clubs will be identical with those of 1895, with the single exception that Liverpool take the place of Small Heath. The 'Pudkians played up so brilliantly last year that they may appear justified in looking for a successful season. I share their confidence; but, at the same time, I would point out that there is a tremendous difference between First Division football and that of the Second. Liverpool themselves must realise it by this time.

I don't see why Aston Villa should not again carry off the spoils which take with them the undisputed championship of the game. The Birmingham club have improved the shining hour by going in for extensive and expensive purchases—in fact, the prices paid for Wheldon, of Small Heath, and Whitehouse, of Grimsby Town, are so absurdly high and can be so harmful in their consequences, that I shall be sorry if the League Committee do not lay down some rule on the subject of players' pay. Otherwise the competition is bound to suffer.

Wheldon is one of the best forwards I ever saw. He and Hands on the left wing worked miracles for Small Heath, and now that Wheldon is to be sandwiched between Cowan and John Devey, with Campbell and Athersmith also in the line, the forwards should tell a very lively tale. Whitehouse, the goal-keeper, is also a grand prize. One need only look at the goal record of Grimsby last season to see Whitehouse's worth, for though this is not invariably a true gauge, it must not be overlooked that the Grimsby backs were by no means champions.

Preston North End have lost their good old captain, Sharp a very fine half-back indeed; but as compensation they have secured Brown, of St. Bernard's; Boyd, of the Glasgow Rangers; Finlay, of Arbroath, and Pratt, late of Grimsby; so that it will be seen that we still have to go to Scotland for our English footballers.

Stoke have lost Hyslop, Robertson, Turner, and their goal-keeper, the last-named having been taken by Southampton St. Mary's, which rising club must presently be regarded as the Stoke second

eleven. Turner goes to Derby County, who are getting many new players. Much will, of course, depend upon the form of Bloomer, who last year was almost worth any two forwards one could name.

## ROWING.

The championship match between Gaudaur and Stanbury is causing as much interest as can be centred by Englishmen in a contest between "foreigners." During practice the other day, Gaudaur went on one of the sand-hills that abound near Wandsworth, and his boat was seriously damaged. It was found to be rent under the breakwash forward over eighteen inches. The constant clashing of the rivals at practice has given rise to some suspicion, but I have no doubt that the match will be a sporting one.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

On Friday and Saturday Metropolitan sportsmen will foregather at Sandown Park. The entries are good for the meeting, and sport ought to be of the top class, as the going just now is perfect. Owners like to run horses at Sandown Park, as the betting is always lively. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that many of the biggest shareholders in the company are bookmakers. Yet this can hardly be the case, as at Derby, where the bookmakers hold the majority of the shares in the company, speculation is always bad. One of the chief events to be decided at Sandown is the September Stakes, which may be won by Regret, and Bay Ronald is expected to run well for the Home Counties Plate.

The St. Leger looks like being a good thing for Persimmon now. Several idle reports have been prevalent to the effect that Thais would represent the Prince of Wales in the race, but it is needless to add that such is not likely to be the case. At the same time, I believe, if anything were to go wrong with the favourite, Thais would be a good substitute, though the filly has been only doing six-furlong work. I thought she ran in the Oaks like a stayer, although she was not quite fast enough to beat Canterbury Pilgrim. It was of the latter that the Duchess of York said after the race, "That wretched animal!"—her Royal Highness, who is, by-the-by, fond of horses, being evidently disappointed at the Prince of Wales's filly being second. I am told that Thais has come on a lot since the Epsom Summer Meeting, and she is very likely to, after all, prove to be the best filly of her year.

I have for many years contended that every item of useful information having reference to racing matters should be made known at the earliest possible moment. I maintain that the scratchings, arrivals, acceptances, weights, and entries should be published on all racecourses directly they are obtainable from the Jockey Club. Officials and those clerks of courses who adopt my suggestion will most certainly be dubbed enterprising by racegoers. Further, they will attract people to their meetings, as, in my opinion, at present stay-at-home backers have much the best of the bargain. They save the ring-fees and travelling expenses; but, what is more to the point, they get on the tape machines all the news that is going about future events.

When dealing with two-year-olds that are making their second appearance in public after having done badly the first time, backers often show a lack of perspicacity. Thus a youngster is tried smart at home and is backed heavily the first time it is sent out. It is not used to the public business and runs what is termed "green," and loses. The next time it makes its appearance on a racecourse, the fact that it has once been expected to do something big is, in the majority of cases, altogether forgotten, and the horse is allowed to start at a long price, which the few level-headed and wideawake punters are not slow to take advantage of. This fact was readily brought to my mind at Stockton, when Cyrenian, who had won a big trial, was an odds-on favourite for a race and lost—it ran green. The next day it was again sent to the post, and, strange to say, with but an interval of twenty-four hours elapsing from its previous appearance, it was allowed to start at seven to one! This shows to me that a vast proportion of racecourse punters are very like sheep. A lead is given and they follow, no matter where it takes them.

I have received many complaints of late about robberies from the person at race-meetings, more especially at those known as "Metropolitan meetings." These thefts have not been confined to the cheaper rings, but have taken place in Tattersall's, the reserved enclosure, and the luncheon-rooms. Now, robberies are bound to take place wherever a crowd congregates, but what I want to know is, why are these thieving rogues allowed to gain admission to meetings? They are well known to the keepers of the enclosures, therefore could easily be refused entrance. One or two special gangs infest certain of our meetings, and the first executive that has the pluck to keep these men out will earn the thanks of all racegoers. As executives are so slow to move, let me again urge the formation of a body of racecourse police. The men drafted from the regular force do their own particular duties well; but what is wanted is a body of men (under a leader who knows the rogues) who will keep them out, and, in the event of their getting in by any accident, will remove them, and, if necessary, remove them quickly. Some of the scenes enacted at one or two recent meetings would have disgraced a meeting twenty years ago, and it is high time they were put a stop to.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 7.44; to-morrow, 7.41; Friday, 7.39; Saturday, 7.37; Sunday, 7.34; Monday, 7.32; Tuesday, 7.30.

It may seem suitable that an ill-starred street-organ should strike up "Rhoda Rode a Roadster" as one is about to write notes upon cycling; but though Shakspeare, "Cynicus," and other modern poets tell us that music is "the food of love," I can safely assert that music of this kind is not the sort of food upon which lofty aspirations, such as I need at this moment, are generally reared. Therefore do I haste me to close the casement, and so shut out the stirring sounds, lest some evil in form of a brickbat befall the itinerant minstrel.

And this incident reminds me that several "cycling dances" have been published lately. There is a cycling polka, for instance, which makes you think of pedalling over a stony road upon a broken spring and a punctured tyre. Then comes the cycling waltz—a soft, smooth-running tune, to which you glide gently and peacefully, as though coasting down a slight, absolutely smooth incline, conscious of the happy fact that no jar can possibly occur and that you have not a worry in the world. But the delightful illusion is dispelled as the "bicycle gallop" breaks in with a crash. Your machine has "got away" with you, and is tearing down to destruction, bounding over boulders, and behaving in an idiotic manner generally. The writer of the last-named dance should really endeavour to control himself.

I read in a provincial newspaper—"Colonel and Miss —, returning from the ball at —, were startled at finding a body lying across the road. . . . It proved to be that of a dead cyclist." One might suppose that a cyclist were some queer quadruped rarely found in most districts, plentiful in a few. "A dead cyclist!" Had the reporter been writing about a dead rat he could not have spoken of it in a more flippant and casual way.

Bicycle polo, tent-pegging on bicycles, and other games of chance—for it is a chance if you survive one game—are steadily growing popular. I am told that "a very telling stroke is accomplished by hitting the ball straight between the wheels from the near side." Very "telling" indeed, the sort of stroke that you "hear tell of," as they say in the West of England, more often than you actually see it accomplished. Apropos of this, I read in my *Church Times* that "*St. Paul worked at tent-pegging that he might not be at any man's charges.*" The italics are mine. What do you think of that for a so-called "old-fashioned" saint? As likely as not he "rode a roadster" too, but then it is hard to understand why he was "not at any man's charges." The doctor's charges alone must have mounted up, to say nothing of the "gate."

So in Spain bull-fighting on bicycles is to be the pastime of the future. This, at least, we are led to suppose by a journal famous for sensational news. Carlos Rodrigues, a famous Spanish cyclist, and Señor Badila, an equally notorious picador, mounted wheels and tackled a bull in the arena in Madrid. The bull won.

The Venus of Milo is at last asserting herself, and small waists are doomed. Even for this, thanks are due to the bicycle, for women have now found out that cycling and symmetry go hand in hand. I hear from Paris that the wasp-like waist, so long in vogue, is fast subsiding, that the day of the natural figure of well-gowned woman has already dawned. Thus the wheel has effected that for which medical and sanitary reformers have pleaded in vain. Again and again the tight corset has proved itself to be the cause of many diseases, and if cycling has given the death-blow to the tiny waist it well deserves the praise accorded to it by the medical faculty. It remains to be seen, however, whether health and true beauty will or will not win the day.

It is not unusual to hear nervous and irritable pedestrians complain about the cyclist's bell, and certainly they often have good cause for indignation. When you are walking along a quiet country road and

some "inconsiderate monster," as I heard a lady style a stupid cyclist who frightened her, suddenly springs his bell immediately behind you, it is but natural that you should feel indignant. Indeed, many people cannot remember in an instant to which side of the road they should go in order to escape being run over. A correspondent asks, "Would it be very annoying to the rider to have a small, musically toned bell attached to his handle-bar, which would ring continually with the vibration of the machine? We do not hear that the jangling of the sleigh-bells becomes irritating or monotonous, and might not something similar be adopted by cyclists?" But no alarm is caused when the ordinary bell is rung forty or fifty yards behind the pedestrian, who then has plenty of time to look about him.

A friend, writing from Homburg, tells me that the place is crowded with bicycles, that "the streets swarm with them, and large parties make runs in the country." Among visitors conspicuous there is the Prince of Wales, who is now an ardent cyclist.

I hear also that cycling is more than ever the rage in Dublin, so that many of the streets are rendered almost unsafe. Among votaries of the wheel in Dublin may be seen many grey-haired ladies.

A recent invention is the pneumatic sole for cycling-shoes. Between the inner and the outer leather is fitted a tube filled with air to the pressure of 25 lb. This has the effect of preventing vibration, and will, no doubt, prove a comfort to many riders.

## A CHAPTER OF REVOLUTION.\*

The French Revolution has inspired many novelists, both French and English, but, as is pointed out in the excellent introduction to this, the latest addition to books of the kind, those writers who have chosen to deal with the Revolutionary period have hitherto been in almost complete sympathy with the old régime, and even Dumas fils and Balzac wrote entirely from the point of view of that Order which, whatever its faults, came out so finely in the ordeal to which it was subjected from the day of the fall of the Bastille to 1800. Till lately even French historians knew little

or nothing of the legendary Marseilles Battalion, the Reds of the South, who, after having accomplished their self-appointed task, disbanded silently. Even Carlyle mentions them as "inarticulate, indistinguishable in feature, a black-browed mass, full of grim fire." But, thanks to Messrs. Pollio and Marcel, the story of the five hundred and seventeen men who composed the battalion has been brought to life, and their book, published some years ago, forms a valuable addition to the history of the French Revolution. M. Felix Gras, the well-known Provençal poet and writer, has woven round the thrilling, if meagre, chronicles a curious and powerful historical romance. His hero, a peasant lad named Pascalet, inspired by a deadly injury done to his own father by an "Aristo," joins the small band of Marseillais, who, swearing to cast down "the tyrant," start marching to Paris. The description of the "Reds' progress through Avignon, Orange, Montélimar, and the other southern towns already bitten with a longing for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, is excellently done, and could only have been achieved by a writer himself Provençal by birth and sympathy. The events which followed the Reds' arrival in Paris are also told in a strangely vivid fashion, and, as has been observed before, from a new and curious standpoint, that of one of the dumb thousands whose actions during that short week laid the foundations of all that was to follow. M. Gras proves, perhaps unconsciously, how little these visionaries, fighting for the Rights of Man, knew what forces they were letting loose; but, if only as a study of national character, and the brilliant reconstitution of a little-known episode of French history, "The Reds of the Midi" was well worth translating into English, the more so that the translator, who has performed her difficult task very efficiently, was enabled to work directly from the Provençal manuscripts, and with the benefit of M. Gras' advice.

\* "The Reds of the Midi." An Episode of the French Revolution. Translated from the Provençal of Felix Gras by Catherine A. Janvier. London: William Heinemann.



MR. T. A. EDGE ON THE EVE OF HIS START FOR THE THOUSAND MILES RECORD.

Photo by Preston, Penzance.



## THE ICE-BOUND ST. LAWRENCE.

*Photographs by Notman and Son, Montreal.*

Below the Lachine Rapids the river St. Lawrence spreads out with a grand and generous swell, and as it flows past the City of Montreal it develops with pure serenity. At this point it is nearly two miles in width. This river has a charm and enchantment all its own. Looking



"ICE-SHOVE," MONTREAL HARBOUR.

out over waves smiling in summer beauty, streaked with light and shade, shot with ripples, reflecting the floating clouds above, one might say that most other waters have the same attractions, but in winter the St. Lawrence is unique, peerless, in its way.

The ice which bridges over the river is so solid that one would never guess that it is not the roadway. It varies in depth, according to the rigour of the season, all the way from three to twenty feet. Some idea of its exceedingly substantial nature may be formed from the fact that in 1885 the South-Eastern Railway, not finding it convenient to cross the Victoria Bridge, ran an engine and train of cars across the ice. Strangers often listen to this information with a smile of civil incredulity, and plainly regard it as a barefaced attempt to impose upon the unsuspecting innocence of the listener; but it is an indubitable fact, all the same.

In the autumn the taking of the ice is eagerly looked forward to by those dwelling on both sides of the river; as this road forms the chief means of communication for the farmers on the south shore with the city of Montreal. As the season advances the ferry-boats cease to cross on account of danger from floating cakes of ice. If the river has not taken before Christmas, it is perfectly understood that the city markets will suffer in consequence of the delay. As a general thing the ice-bridge may be expected to last about four months.

There is a great deal of traffic carried on across this road. All day long a procession of hay-carts, carriages, berlines, and sleighs of a more or less pretentious description, are passing from one side to the other; the drivers, rugged, quaint, and picturesque, swearing strange oaths, chattering an odd *patois*, appear like relics of the Old France of two hundred years ago. Opposite the city are two populous settlements, Longueuil and St. Lambert, many of whose residents daily attend to their business in Montreal. A lumbering old stage with flapping leather curtains crosses every hour. Its huge bulk bumps, jostles, and sways crazily from side to side; yet it always reaches its destination in safety.

The harvesting the ice for summer use is considered one of the winter sights. As affording employment during the long, dull winter months, when trade in every department languishes, this constitutes an important industry. The amount of ice consumed by the city of Montreal exceeds a hundred thousand tons a season, the cuttings of one company alone running from twenty-six to thirty thousand tons.

The process of securing this winter harvest appears curious to the uninitiated. The field of ice which has been marked for operations is first carefully scraped by a snow-sweeper to free it from the encrusting snow; a marker is then used to divide it into

square blocks of the desired size. This marker is furnished with a row of teeth, which cut a groove in the ice about three inches deep. It is also provided with a swing guide which regulates the distance between the grooves; when this is done the guide is swung over the back of the marker, so that it falls into the groove just cut; this operation is repeated until the whole field is mapped out, ready for the ice-plough.

The ice-plough cuts by means of a series of teeth, each varying slightly in length, and cutting a quarter of an inch, so that a plough of eight teeth will cut a groove of two inches deep each time it passes along the line. Ice-bars of various descriptions, with blunt blades, are used to insert into the grooves already made by the ice-plough, in order to break the ice off into blocks. Great saws are employed to open the channel through which the ice-cakes are to pass down with the currents.

The short, dark winter days, sweeping blizzards and driving snowstorms, pass at last. As the season advances, the days lengthen and brighten. The mass of ice on the St. Lawrence becomes gradually honey-combed by the united influence of rain and sun; great "cahoes" appear in the river roads, the air-holes widen into dimpling lakes. For days before the "shove" takes place, from early morning until late at night, crowds line the revêtement wall. The windows of the great warehouses bordering the shore are constantly tenanted by anxious watchers for the first indications of a change in the level fields of ice; it is only when navigation commences that commerce revives from its wintry stagnation.

An "ice-shove" is a grand sight, which once seen is not easily forgotten. Many wiseacres please themselves by predicting exactly how the ice will dispose of itself, and the precise moment at which the change may be expected to take place. But in this case, as in many others, it is usually the unexpected that happens. The most insignificant cause may turn the course of events. The ice descending from the upper portion of the St. Lawrence may remain for days jammed in Lake St. Louis, and then, driven by a favourable wind, float quietly away, or it may sweep down with a rush, carrying all before it. When the "shove" really takes place, a report is heard like the deep growling of distant thunder, gradually increasing in volume until it swells into an intensity of sound resembling the booming of cannon, repeated and prolonged by thousands of echoes. As the upper ice comes crashing down, the solid mass creaks and shivers; with mighty throes it parts asunder. Gigantic crystalline blocks are thrown high in the air by the force of the seething currents beneath.

When the ice settles into place again after this upheaval, an entire change appears in the landscape. One looks around in amazement; the river has acquired new features, even the appearance of St. Helen's Island has been changed by the great drifts cast upon it. The Ronde is entirely obliterated from view. Down the centre of the river stretches a miniature range of snowy mountains, all glittering white, which the spring sunshine gilds with an affluence of colour and splendour. When the light quivers over these fantastic shapes, the brilliant colours of the ice, the pearly purity of the snow, and the greens and blues of the water beneath, are so tenderly evanescent as to defy any artist to commit them to canvas. Soon another change comes. The ice moves again, the fairy scene has crumbled to nothing; the St. Lawrence is free from its ice-fetters.



THE ST. LAWRENCE IN WINTER: SCENE AT MONTREAL.

## THE HE-FARE AND THE SHE.

"Jump in, sir," said the cabby mysteriously, as in a twinkling he understood what I was after.

"Any quiet place," I answered, and in a moment we were whirling up Glasshouse Street.

As we alighted at the "quiet place," my Jehu came down smiling. "You know," he whispered, "I couldn't go in where you proposed and talk to you. There would have been trouble." He bent closer towards me and murmured, "I'm a blackleg."

The man was a good talker. His speech savoured but little of his profession. I had singled him out because of his gentlemanly bearing. Nor was I disappointed.

"It's funny you should have pitched upon me," he said. "I can tell you as much as most men, and a little more too, perhaps."

"Good," I said. "Give it a name."

"Scotch," said he. So Scotch it was.

"I'm almost alone in this, I believe," he went on, "that I'd sooner carry women than men any day. Few cabbies would tell you that. It's because they don't know how to treat them. Use a lady civilly and she's good for your fare and something over. Women are frightened to go into cabs alone, especially for the shilling fare. It's the abuse they dread," and my friend gave me a specimen of the unparliamentary harangue with which the ungarnished shilling fare is too often received.

"Did you ever hear of a woman giving the like of that back again?"

"Well, plainly, it's only one kind of woman that would. But, you see, there's little occasion. That sort of woman is generous with her money. She's generally good for two shillings for every shilling. No, I was never bilked by a woman in my life, and only once or twice by a man. Once it was my own fault. Some other drivers called out to me that he had no money. I thought they were jealous of me, and paid no attention.

"Ever meet a really generous woman? Yes. One Christmas Day I drove a lady from Cumberland Place to Brompton Oratory. She wished me the compliments of the season and gave me seven-and-sixpence. As a rule, I should say that women are better 'cab-riders' than men."

"Good cab-rider," being interpreted, means generous rewarder.

"But I've often been well treated by men too. Once, during the strike—I drove all through the strike; that's why I'm so unpopular to-day—I took a gentleman from White's to Pont Street. 'Ah,' he said, 'you're one of the sensible ones. Here's a shilling for a drink.' Then he began to talk to me about the risks of the blackleg, and at the end he said, 'Here's a sovereign for your pluck.' It was a rough time, the strike. You might get your reins cut any minute. It's my candid opinion that if a blackleg had only the means of letting the public know what he was he'd get more work to do than there was room for in a day. Another time, during the strike, I drove two gentlemen a little way. One said, 'I'll pay.' 'No,' said the other, 'I will.' So they haggled, and at last one said, 'Let's both pay him; he's a good sort.' So I came off with double fare. One class of men always pay me well—the Masons. Of course, I always give every man the sign. I challenged you just when we sat down.

"I'll tell you a funny thing. Although women are certainly nervous in cabs, you can't readily go too fast to please them. But the nervous cab-rider is the man who is a crack whip. If you go at any pace, the idea that it's not safe because he hasn't got the reins takes hold of him and puts him in a blue funk. The most nervous man I've ever driven is Captain —, who used to tool the Oxford and Cambridge coach on record spins. My record drive was with a lady whom I often used to carry. She was a brick! The distance was from the Continental to Baker Street. 'I give you nine minutes,' she said. I did it, but you may imagine the middle of Regent Street was no joke.

"No, I've never driven the Prince. Lots of my pals have, though. I've driven Mrs. Langtry more than once. No, she doesn't put herself about. Oh, I could tell you funny stories all night—about the country bumpkin who tried to climb over the apron, and the country girl that a friend of mine once drove. When he looked through the trap to ask where to go, he couldn't see her anywhere. She was sitting on the floor. Then there was the pair of sight-seeing Yankees that I taught a little lesson in London cab-fares. They also exposed their ignorance of the names of English coin, so I gave them a little lesson in that too.

"You don't suppose, now," my acquaintance questioned suddenly, "that many cabbies would stay at home on Sunday and read 'Trilby'?" Perhaps I'm about the only one. I read it last Sunday—I read a lot—and I would just like to write a critique on it!" Immediately, to my surprise, my friend launched out into sane and thinking criticism, admirably expressed, of the book and the drawings. This led to my learning a little of his story. Some day I hope to learn a little more, for it is not without romance. He sees no future in cab-driving. Auto-motors, he says, will be to hansom what railways were to the mail-coach.

Returning to the male fare, he confessed that once a "tee" came to him for information concerning the haunts of a City man he often drove. "I thought I might do a little work with that 'tec.' So for a hot summer day I drove him round high buildings (the wrong ones) in the City. The 'tee' toiled up and down stairs for hours. He was a fat, heavy man. He had his day's enjoyment, and I had thirty shillings."

Then he relaxed and poured out philosophy and anecdote. Philosophy of life, anecdote of—well, of "life" also. "To tell you the truth," he said as we parted, "it seems to be a law that the moment a man goes on the box of a cab all moral sense goes out of him."

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Story of a Fool and his Folly," Miss Nora Vynne's new story, is unmistakably successful, and will do much to enhance her reputation. It is written with remarkable brightness and clearness, while the plot is fresh and very well worked out. Whoever begins this story is sure to finish it, and I do not call to mind anything of the sort published in recent years that is nearly so good. It may be objected to that the subject is painful, and this may be allowed. Doubtless Miss Vynne would win a larger popularity by choosing themes of a more genial kind, but, granted her subject, it must be admitted that it could not have been better handled.

This is not the season of the poets any more than of other book-makers. For that reason the few books of verse that venture shyly out get a good deal of notice from reviewers left in town. An interesting volume has just been rivetting my attention and rousing my curiosity for more than an hour. The binding is very elegant and artistic, too, the tone being a kind of mauve with shimmering water-lines through it. The paper is excellent, and the fine type arranged with care. Evidently, one thinks, these must be the outward homage to precious treasures within, for Petrarch could demand nothing better. A book-marker of a garish pink suggests a doubt, but a very slight one, and the book is opened expectantly. It is called "Ver Lyræ," by Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson, and the publishers who have taken all this good-natured trouble about the externals are Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. Mr. Newton-Robinson's guardian angel was not at his post, and so it was permitted to me to read first of all—

This very morning what saw I,  
In passing near his haunt?  
A tiny girl-mite, plump and round,  
Beside his figure gaunt;  
A ten-year-old, bright, foreign birdie,  
Chirping to the hurdy-gurdie.

This gem has not many peers, being surrounded by foils of flat dulness; but in "Meridiem Versus," an account of a journey which the poet took in an excited mood to the Pyrenees, the particular brightness breaks out again. The lady on the Carcassonne wall is very eager to have the company of the "traveller with the lyre"; but he thunders out, "To sea! To sea! arrest not me!" and the lady in stone is fain to go "unhailed, unsung." Poets are perhaps not very modest, but there is a childlike confidence in the address this poet hears his viol sing to his songs which takes one's breath away—

Go! fenced alone in beauty;

Go forth and sing my songs;

To you the world belongs:

Go sing at many gates.

Yet there may be a dark thought of "remainders" in—

If any find no shelter-place,  
Let these return to me.

There is nothing new in the setting-up in type and binding elegantly harmless nothings like the verses in "Ver Lyræ," though it would not be easy to find stuff of less ability and more pretentiousness. But a generation ago the book would have been printed "for private circulation" by the gentleman poet. Relations would have displayed it on boudoir tables, unless they were very fastidious about the family reputation. Now, these books are sent out confidently into the big world, and it is not a creditable change.

Miss Adeline Sergeant's new story, "The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher" (Heinemann), is one more version of the old tale of "Beauty and the Beast." There is one important variation, however: the Beast remains a Beast to the end. Of course, Miss Sybil Fletcher doesn't think so, but a reader may keep his own opinion. The "wild man" is a favourite in fiction, and Michael, with his great physical strength, his childlike ignorance of conventions, finds ready sympathy at the beginning. But, beside his uncomfortable habit of nearly murdering people that oppose or displease him, he is sulky and ill-conditioned. He is a gentleman born, we are told, to explain the possibility of Sybil, a fastidious young lady painter used to elegant society, accepting him as a husband; but plebeian blood could not have expressed itself more disagreeably. Her admiration of the brute in him, which welled up in her after she was jilted by a little puny London snob, may be what is called natural, but it fills one with more repulsion than many things commonly called immoral, and is a real flaw in a book that might have been a fine romance.

Mr. E. H. Cooper is a sign of the times. Though not inevitably or in any distinguished way a writer, he happens to express himself in novels. He is one of the very smart young men about who are really very intelligent, rather too omniscient, and who take themselves with tremendous seriousness. The hero of his latest book, "The Enemies" (Constable), is the hero of an earlier one, "Geoffrey Hamilton." Elegance, good birth, good-nature, and a general air of knowing all about it, are his chief characteristics—beyond a delight in children which causes him to marry a little fool escaped too soon from the nursery, thereby causing her much misery and himself more than his high breeding will let him show. When his child-wife gets into mischief, there is a villain near by, of course. Geoffrey forgives him, and the point of the book, so far as it has any, seems to be the query, how far should forgiveness go before it becomes indifference to wrong? But the tone of the book is its significant past. It is so superior, so knowing, so placid, vulgar enough in its depths, but extremely elegant on the surface.—O. O.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## AUTUMN AND OTHER THINGS.

There is always a certain difficulty to be grappled with and vanquished in choosing a gown for early autumn days. A warning chill in the mornings makes blouses of muslin and cambric but chilly quantities, while tweed and cloth are undoubtedly too "previous" for the warm afternoons that follow. The golden mean of arriving at a comfortable



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TWO SHADES OF GREY.

smartness without being perished or parboiled is therefore very desirable, and seems to me would be satisfactorily attained in a frock of the order here illustrated, which, besides, gives an effect infinitely becoming to the figure in the manner of its jaunty basque and cut-up manner of front. Two shades of grey constitute the colouring of this pretty dress, the skirt, of grey cloth built on the godet pattern, being quite plain but for two straps of handsome steel embroidery at each side of front. A tight-fitting vest of lighter grey velvet, buttoned with cut-steel and turquoise buttons, is "discovered," as the play-books say, under a bodice made with wide revers, a short, full basque, and adorned on each side of the front with three large steel and turquoise buttons. Sleeves, tight-fitting to the middle upper arm, are finished with puffs; at the wrist, mitres, relieved by old ivory lace; a folded collar-band of turquoise-blue velvet, *et voilà tout*. But it is a "tout" that requires manipulation. No prentice hand could experiment on this type of bodice very successfully, the whole charm lying in a perfect fit. It should be added that a fancy cloth of light texture is a *sine qua* what's its name, as the velvet vest is sufficiently warm for the season. Purple and white make exceedingly good case together when well administered, and one of the tiny checks designed for our autumn campaigns in these colours, finished with a rolled collar and vest of violet velvet, after the manner of my aforesaid illustration, would go vastly well. Brown is to be one of the autumn colours—a trying shade, too, as a rule, and one to be warily worn; but there is a cigar-brown which with touches of bright Indian-red makes most effective background for a clear-complexioned brunette, and as a travelling colour nothing does better, except, perhaps, the classic bilious tans of covert-coating. Dainty little shoes of green-brown, navy-blue, and other dark shades in morocco are being introduced to wear with tailor-made tweeds, and are certainly a change from black, though navy-blue and purple leather are somewhat incongruous quantities, methinks, just as gloves in such unnatural tints are an abomination to the woman of taste. I remember when for a brief

season red silk gloves were a vogue, and fair beings walked about in a gory, red-handed fashion that made an afternoon nightmare of the streets, if one may be permitted the Hibernicism. And talking of nightmares, what disillusioning disclosures the Röntgen rays are responsible for, with no inconsiderable possibilities of humour, too, though. I have been staying at a country house where one of these devastating instruments was duly installed, and the tragedy of three wet afternoons was turned into screaming farce by some of the experiments and discoveries the rays were answerable for. The Queen of Portugal has, moreover, really evolved some practical issues by subjecting the waists of several ladies of the Court to Röntgen's unappreciative regards, with the results that follow a vigorous habit of tight-lacing. It seems that one over-slender beauty, appalled at the disclosures that followed, and determined to seclude her own anatomy, wore a tight-fitting suit of black satin when the camera was turned on her charming outlines; but the little ruse being discovered, she was forthwith "unfrosted," and treated to a similar object-lesson as her companions, with, one hopes, the result of turning over a hygienic leaf in the matter of waist-belts. The Queen's sister, whom we remember as Princess Hélène of Orleans, has become noted for her good taste in dress, since her marriage more particularly, and a gown just made for the tall, fair young Duchess is shown in the second sketch of this article. The skirt of ivory silk, with a conventional floral design in light blue and black, has three narrow flounces round the hem. The box-pleat of plain ivory silk is dotted with a double row of real diamond buttons. A rather small Swiss belt of black velvet and a Medicis collar of the same give a very skilful note of colour to the bodice, which is furthermore greatly improved by a shaped collar of blue silk edged with frills of the dress material in blue, white, and black. Blue is, in fact, the Duchess d'Aosta's favourite colour, and one, furthermore, which is, generally speaking, becoming to either blonde or brunette. In an ivory and pink brocade with pale-green velvet belt and collar this smart indoor frock would be very pretty also.

Some of the flannels prepared for autumn yachting- or travelling-gowns are exceedingly attractive, and one of the girls who is staying at



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BLACK, WHITE, AND BLUE.

the same country house appeared yesterday morning at breakfast in a frock full of seduction, the material being a dark-blue flannel with some white spots. A deep collar of white cloth was edged with a navy silk frill, a full vest of white silk, with a lace cravat, doing most becoming duty in front. Her sister completed the confusion of other less



elaborate damsels by wearing a fine serge of that deep but decided red shade which Paris *modistes* foreshadow for the coming season's use. Both skirt and bodice were set off by pointed straps of white cloth edged with gold braid and fastened down with gold buttons. The vest, of white corded silk, was rucked horizontally; and with this bewitching turn-out, a crimson straw sailor-hat, trimmed with single dahlias in shaded velvet and stiffly knotted ends of white satin ribbon, was so jauntily worn as to completely subjugate the available masculine element which was not at the moment slaughtering grouse on adjacent moors. Just at this time, the country, to my thinking, is more cheering than at any other time of the year; but this best applies to shooting-shires. It is good beyond measure to foot it over heather and bracken, and deep, soft moss, with cloud-shadows chasing each other over the moors and a whirr of brown wings all around, which are ultimately destined to grace the social and succulent rite of dinner.

Last week, by the way, we had, as *haute nouveauté*, some real bird's-nest soup with which to inaugurate the evening feast. Some diplomatic somebody staying in the house had been presented with a portion of this nastiness by the great Oriental, and in the fulness of his heart our host had headed the menu with this precious concoction. But, whether it was want of taste or correct preparation, it seemed quite the most impossible mouthful I had ever essayed; and could Li Hung Chang have seen one or two of the expressive faces present, he would, I am sure, have gone away with a lessened belief in the intelligent Briton. What a luxuriously minded dame his Marchioness must be, by the way. Two thousand frocks is her usual complement, and half that number of waiting-women are attached to her service. After all, and Mr. Burns and Mr. Hardie notwithstanding, it is something to have been born in the purple, or, more properly, the yellow, as the Marchioness Li would understand it.

I hear great things of the Dublin Horse Show from friends on the spot; but the weather seems to have a way of playing pranks with occasions in the Emerald Isle, and there was a great show of umbrellas on Thursday, I believe, notwithstanding an apparently settled condition of things on preceding days. White seemed in first favour for frocks, and from the flimsiest of chiffons to the sterner metal of piqué and alpaca the virginal colour went first favourite with smart women. In fact, from the prosperous air of masses and classes generally, it would seem that recent statistics fell short of the present state of Hibernian possibilities.

SYBIL.

### CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

Miss Millward considers it a duty to the public to dress well on the stage, and a duty to herself to dress well in private.

That she most successfully carries out the first we have proved in these pages many times and oft, and that she is equally punctilious in the second I am now going to show you.

Above everything, she is essentially feminine. The stiff-fronted shirt is utterly abhorred by Miss Millward—from a personal point of view only, be it understood—and her affections are lastingly engaged by the soft and dainty chiffon. One of her special favourites is a bodice of ivory-white chiffon, which is simply a mass of tiny tucks—a twin sister, in fact, to that other bodice which she is wearing now in "Boys Together," while a positively ideal tea-jacket is of the softest white muslin—at least, that portion of it which is not cobwebby lace—arranged in rows upon rows of narrow insertion. But though Miss Millward looks lovely in these cloudy, soft garments, she is just as well suited by somewhat more severe styles.

For instance, one of her gowns is of dark but bright blue alpaca, the fine pleatings of the skirt over the hips continued on the bodice, which opens over a vest of tan-coloured piqué, where a tie, in blue, green, and red check, finds a resting-place. Simple to a degree, this dress would be notable anywhere by reason of its perfect style and the distinction of its wearer, just as nobody could pass by without a second look another dress of a wonderful silky canvas in elusive tones of green and blue, where the slightly pouched bodice is edged with many flat and minute gold buttons where it gives place to a vest of tucked white lisse, and is, moreover, provided with a big sailor-collar of string-coloured guipure, edged in its turn with a finely pleated lisse frill.

Then the green scores a victory by appearing in its most vivid shade in the form of a satin neckband, while a belt of white kid encircles the waist and completes the charm of a gown which to see is to love.

Another dress where green plays a subordinate part is of mauve-and-green shot silk, the fulness of the bodice held together in pinafore fashion at the shoulders with three tiny straps of mauve velvet, each one fastened with an emerald and diamond button. The vest and collar are of string-coloured lace over mauve silk, and the modestly proportioned sleeves have tiny lace cuffs, while the only trimming allowed to the skirt is a wee kilted frill of mauve velvet at the hem. The very latest addition to Miss Millward's wardrobe is an autumn dress of fine black serge, a tiny basque making its appearance beneath a white kid belt, and a vest of golden-yellow velvet, elaborately embroidered, dividing the braided sides of the bodice.

Such gowns as these are the apotheosis of exquisite simplicity, and have won and retained for Miss Millward the reputation of one of the best-dressed women in London, either on or off the stage.

And as it is with her personal attire, so it is with that exquisitely appointed little flat off Regent Street where she makes her home. The drawing-room is hung with striped paper in a lovely shade of yellow,

while above it comes a frieze of the palest blue—a combination, by the way, of Miss Millward's two favourite colours. Old blue china adorns the white overmantel, and there is an inlaid cabinet full of curios and treasures, while cosy arm-chairs and a restful settee proclaim the beauty of shining white chintz patterned with pink and yellow roses. There are long curtains, too, of this same quaintly lovely chintz, their looped-up folds displaying a lining of faint blue, while the lattice windows, with their leaded glass panes and short, frilled curtains of pale-yellow silk, are thrown open to give a glimpse of the yellow and white marguerites which fill the window-boxes.

In fact, these windows are a positive delight to the eye, and especially that one where, on a silver-strewn table, a wealth of pink roses bloom out from a blue-and-white bowl, for Miss Millward loves flowers, and they are accorded a place of honour in all her rooms. They catch up the white muslin and lace drapery of her bed, and peep out from either side of the great round glass of her Chippendale dressing-table, with its array of silver, only in this case they are the product of Art and not of Nature, though it takes you some time to discover the fact. Nature asserts herself, however, in the window-box once more, while Miss Millward's favourite blue is represented by the wall-paper, with its narrow stripes of white, and its quaint scrolls of tiny pink and white flowers tied up by equally diminutive blue bows, and there are curtains and draperies of blue-and-white chintz.

But I believe that I fell most deeply in love with the dining-room, partly for the sake of its wonderful blue paper, where ghostly dragons disport themselves above a deep frieze of ivory-white Lincrusta, partly for the lovely silken tapestry, where many soft colours combine to make a beautiful and indescribable whole, and again because of four wonderful Bartolozzi engravings which hang above the Chippendale sideboard. Altogether, it is a charming home for a charming woman, and, with all its artistic beauty, it has that touch of home cosiness which is worth everything; and yet, fascinating as it is, it is not one-half as fascinating as its owner, for Miss Millward is a thoroughly womanly woman, an artist to the finger-tips, and withal a most delightful hostess.

At the theatre, too, her dressing-room, to which she always manages to impart a personal distinction and a home-like touch, has shared in the re-adornment of the Adelphi, and is now a harmony in pale yellow and blue—you see, Miss Millward is very faithful to her favourites—and it is never without its flowers.

FLORENCE.

Dr. Barnardo is a well-meaning man, and has done much good work for "Nobody's Child"; but, like so many well-meaning people, he has the defects of his qualities. Who, for instance, will thank him, in these days when "the Princess of the Scullery" rules her mistress with a rod of iron in the intervals when she refrains from scourging her with a whip of scorpions, for insisting upon ladies answering a whole catechism of nineteen questions before he will permit one of the Orianas of Ilford to enter into service? Some of the questions are right and proper enough; but some are not only superfluous, but impertinent. One is, "Are all in your household total abstainers?" Another, "Is family worship observed regularly in your household morning and evening?" The latter reminds one irresistibly of *Punch's* merry jest of old anent a pious grocer and his apprentice:—"James, have you swept the shop?" "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Then come in to prayers."

The objection some people have to post-cards is loudly proclaimed. Yet it cannot be a very wide one after all, since 315,000,000 post-cards were sold during the Post Office year, for which the balance-sheet is just out. What Wellington said of the Guardsmen, "but the puppies fight well," may be recalled now by those who objected that the present Postmaster-General was not a man of business. In his case, at any rate, it can be said that "these Dukes trade well." The huge profits of three and a-half millions on the year's traffic are due, of course, to improved times and to the endless circularising of a General Election; but something, at any rate, may be set down to the Postmaster's own credit. He has spent more hours at the work than did any of his predecessors over a similar period; and the example of that industry may have been far-reaching throughout his enormous department. Mr. Henniker-Heaton must also have crumbs of credit. The reforms he has carried have turned out well, and he is now drinking German waters to put fresh strength into his fight for the Universal Penny Post.

What, if anything, is going to happen to Lord Dufferin? Some people have said that he would go to Ireland as Viceroy; and this, at least, is true—that Lord Cadogan was offered the Embassy at Paris. Even had Lord Cadogan not declined to leave Ireland, there is nothing less likely than that Lord Dufferin would have cared to go to Dublin. The kind of sentiment he could bring to the task of ruling Ireland is no longer a power there, hardly even an influence; and Lord Dufferin is diplomatist enough to know the limits of diplomacy. The idea that Lord Dufferin is to have something, no one knows what, springs apparently from the fact that he has given up Walmer Castle to Lord Salisbury, who coveted it, and that nowadays nobody does anything for nothing. But the plausibility of that argument does not hold good in face of the fact that Lord Dufferin, a comparatively poor man, could not really afford to go on as Warden of the Cinque Ports. If Lord Dufferin had been only an earl, no doubt he would have got a step in the peerage; but now there is nothing left for him to achieve except a dukedom; and for a dukedom, in its own way, wealth is just as desirable as it is in other ways for a Warden of the Cinque Ports.



## CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 14.

## THE PAST ACCOUNT.

The chief feature in the Making-up List of last week was the strength exhibited by Colonial Government securities. The fluctuations on balance during the account, with the exception of a fractional decline in Cape of Good Hope Three and a-Half per Cent. Inscribed, were all to higher prices. The most notable rise was that of the Victorian Inscribed (April and October), which improved no less than four points. Several rises of one point were recorded, and others ranging from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Foreign stocks were somewhat irregular, but the changes in the majority of cases were in favour of "bulls." The Turkish issues showed substantial gains during the account, while Brazilians and Chilians also registered satisfactory rises. Home Rails, in most instances, were carried over lower, which, however, is, in many cases, explained by the dividend deductions. The movement in Indian Railways, almost without exception, led to enhanced prices, Bombay and Baroda having improved as much as four points. A more cheerful front was presented by Yankees after the depression of late, and the List showed a preponderance of rises, some of which were fairly substantial, notably in the cases of Northern Pacific Preferred stock and Lake Shore shares, which registered gains of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  and 3 respectively. Foreign Railways were generally carried over at higher prices, the most prominent exceptions, however, being in East Argentine and Midland Uruguay issues, which were both two points lower. In the Commercial department the alterations were chiefly of a downward character, although the falls were, as a rule, of a fractional kind. In Breweries the chief feature was a fall of fifteen points in the Ordinary stock of Guinness, Son, and Co.; with that exception, however, the changes were mostly upwards.

Comparing the differences in the making-up prices of South African shares, the rises have been almost universal, and in many instances have been of a most substantial character. We append a list which will show at a glance some of the more important fluctuations—

	Aug. 10.	Aug. 25.	Rise.
Anglo-French Exploration ... ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{7}{10}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Apex ... ..	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	$\frac{1}{2}$
Austral African ... ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Bechuanaland ... ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
British S. A. Chartered	2 $\frac{5}{8}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Consolidated Goldfields, S.A., Def.	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
De Beers ... ..	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
East Rand ... ..	6 $\frac{7}{10}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Geldenhuis Deep ... ..	5	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Ginsburg ... ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Gold Fields Deep ... ..	11	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Henry Nourse ... ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Johannesburg Pioneer	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Kleinfontein ... ..	3	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Knights ... ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lydenburg Mining ... ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Meyer and Charlton ... ..	5 $\frac{3}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
Modderfontein ... ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
Modderfontein "B" ... ..	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
New African ... ..	3	4	1
New Primrose ... ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
Nigels ... ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
Nourse Deep ... ..	5	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Oceana Company, Limited ... ..	1 $\frac{5}{10}$	1 $\frac{11}{10}$	$\frac{1}{10}$
Rand Mines ... ..	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	3
Rhodesia Exploration and Development	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
South African Gold Trust ... ..	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$

## WESTRALIA.

The following from our Western Australian correspondent will be read with interest. We hoped to have been able at an earlier date to lay before our readers his views on the properties mentioned in his letter, but unfortunately an attack of fever placed him *hors de combat* for a time. Hence the delay.

The Western Australian Goldfields are not beautiful; the country rolls with a dead monotony of colour and form from north to south, unbroken by hill or ravine. But near Coolgardie the surface is somewhat more rugged, and those who would see the most picturesque fields should drive from that camp to Black Flag. They will pass many mines on their way worth a visit. On the left towers Mount Burgess, on the summit of which it is proposed to build a huge reservoir which shall supply five million gallons of water each day to the mines. Under the hill is the Mount Burgess Mine, whose battery is stopped just now, the ore having become too poor to pay for crushing.

Away in the plain at Bonnievale is a curious reef of white quartz, which is more or less flat. This strange freak of nature occurs in a country composed of white granite, and the Westralia Extended, as the mine is called, is really worth a visit. Here are no shafts to climb down, no ladders to manipulate, or cages in which to cling. We simply walk in through a gate, and find ourselves in a clean, wide gallery cut along the reef. The granite sparkles. The reef shows sharp a foot or two wide. It is mining made easy. All the lucky manager has to do is drive his levels and cart his ore in trucks to the battery of the Westralia, which adjoins and which belongs to the same company.

The visitor may knock off samples and secure some pretty specimens of gold, for the reef is moderately rich, and runs well over an ounce and a half to the ton. Mr. Moorcom, the manager, one of the most able of the experts Cornwall has sent to the Colony, is confident that he will make the Westralia properties a paying mine. He has sunk six shafts in the Extended block, and in the flat reef alone has driven nearly 500 feet; the reef runs almost due north and south, and dips about thirteen degrees to the east. In Westralia there are also six shafts sunk, and they propose making the main shaft in the underlay. There may be advantages in underlay shafts, but I cannot see them, and, at the risk of disagreeing with so high an authority as Mr. Moorcom, I should prefer my main shaft vertical. In Westralia the 50-foot level has been driven 200 feet, and another level at 120 feet has just been begun. The country here is decomposed

granite, and at depths seems to change into a hard greenstone rock, which local people call "diorite."

The No. 2 Shaft in the Westralia is down 100 feet in quite another kind of country, and upon another lode. Westralia is not, in my opinion, as good a mine as Westralia Extended; but, as all the eighty-six acres belong to the same company, the one mill will crush all the quartz, and the two companies should pay, provided they are not over-capitalised. Mr. Moorcom draws his water from a water-shaft sunk near a "soak" two miles away, and expects to get enough water for the 20-head battery.

I am not in love with Coolgardie mines; the pay shoots in this district are narrow and patchy, but on this particular flat reef the ore seems much more evenly distributed than upon any I have seen. Leaving Bonnievale, where there are other mines, some of which are local concerns not worth notice, and one which has been bought by Dr. Simon, the French expert, we drove over a huge so-called lake. The buggy sinks to the axles in sand and clay, the horses splash in the brackish water, and we are glad enough to see the white tents of the mining camp on the Glasgow Reefs. These reefs are possibly a continuation of the Black Flag Reefs. They are being worked by a dozen or more mines with, I am sorry to say, poor results. We waste little time here. The St. Denis and the Glasgow are the best mines, and they are not first-class properties. Your readers do not want to hear of the dismal failures in mining. They are as common here as in any other mining country. No one can see what is under the ground. The man who says he can see beyond the point of a pick is either a charlatan or a fool.

The Hills after leaving the Glasgow rise abruptly. The contour of the country becomes broken, and, for Western Australia, almost grand. Masses of granite outcrop over the plain, and away in the distance the vast mass of the Black Flag Proprietary Reef towers against the sky-line. On the left is the Talisman, a good property which should, if carefully managed, pay its shareholders. A few miles and we come to the camp of the big mine. The Black Flag Proprietary has the largest quartz outcrop in Western Australia. The exact width of the payable reef is 30 feet; but there is a parallel or West Reef which is very wide, and which may carry gold at depth. There are 72 acres upon this line, so that the amount of ore in sight is enormous, and should keep the 50-head battery in full swing for many years. As to the value of the reef, opinions differ. Some sanguine experts place it as high as 1 oz. Others, more moderate, estimate it at 12 dwts. As a matter of fact, no one can say with any certainty to what it will run.

Mr. Gifford told me that he had broken a large lump of quartz not apparently carrying any gold at all, and found inside a regular nugget. Mr. Holman, the manager, thinks he will have no difficulty at all in keeping up an output of 1000 oz. a-month. If the battery runs night and day it should crush 150 tons a-day. I myself think that the board must be prepared to put up another 100 head of stamps. They have enough stone to feed such a battery, and the bigger the mill the cheaper the cost of working—at any rate, when the ore supply is large and of a low grade. The Alaska Treadwell and the Homestake are both low-grade mines, and they pay handsome dividends. Mr. Holman is a most capable manager, and by the time he has his mill in full swing he will have got a good deal of ground ready for stoping. His south pumping shaft is down 120 feet, the No. 1 level is in soft ground, and he has driven 80 feet, and cross-cut 121 feet. The south hauling shaft is also down 120 feet, with a cross-cut 265 feet, mostly in hard rock. In this shaft he has not got the reef yet, as it dips. These shafts are fine pieces of work, well timbered, and, indeed, as good shafts as may be seen in the whole Colony. The development is being done with a view to a big output of quartz. The mill will be fed by a tramway running from one shaft to the other, and cutting through the hill to the west side, where a splendid mill site has been found. The bad points about the property are the smallness of the battery—50 head being no use for low-grade ore—and the water-supply, which, although the largest in the Coolgardie district, is still, in my opinion, very much too small for such a mine. Here I am quite at variance with the expressed opinion of all the experts, who declare that there is plenty of water at Black Flag. I think that when Mr. Holman gets his pumps to work he will find his water-supply run short. In three years' time he will, of course, have the Mount Burgess Reservoir to draw upon, but till then I believe he will have trouble. He says not, so it is only my word against those of the experts; but we shall see.

Bayley's Reward has made another rich strike which should give a spurt to Coolgardie properties. There is in this mine a vast body of stone going well over an ounce which does not pay to crush at present price of water, but if they can mix it with rich ore the mine may again pay dividends. Local rumour declares that the *worst* has been said by the management about the mine, with a view to putting down the price of the shares, and quidnuncs in Coolgardie look wise when Bayley's Reward is mentioned. One thing is quite certain—whatever rich ore they may find at the higher levels, at the 400 ft. they are in poor rock.

Sir John Forrest's water scheme is now all the talk. Sir John means to carry it, and when he means a thing he usually succeeds in carrying it through. Out here they say it is too big. My objection to it is that it is too small. The fields can do with four times the amount of water. Western Australia is divided politically into two sections—those who believe in the fields and those who don't. The squatters laugh at miners, and miners hate squatters because they are to-day the ruling party and keep up prices and protective tariffs. The aspect reminds one of the Transvaal, with Sir John as the wise Oom Paul. But the result will be different; the goldfields will hold their own, and the squatter must face the problem of reduced food tariffs. He will have no cause for fear; population here increases so fast that all the food is scrambled for eagerly at famine prices. As long as the gold output keeps up, both squatter and miner will flourish. The slump will come, of course, because as the alluvial finds become scarcer the export of gold will decline. There is not half enough water now on the fields to keep the batteries going, and the water scheme will take three years. We shall see some fun in those three years—a big slump in prices, the shake-out of all the poorer miners, and a grand chance for the big men, like Kaufman, who know how to make a deal.

## STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA.

In view of the unsettled condition of affairs in South Africa since the beginning of 1896, shareholders in this institution are to be congratulated upon the successful results achieved for the half-year ended June 30. The directors have been able to recommend the payment of the usual dividend and bonus, making together a distribution at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum. The sum of £20,000 is to be added to the reserve fund, making it £760,000, and a balance of £13,000 will be carried forward to the next account. For the twelve half-years to December 1894 the bank paid dividends at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum, while for the three subsequent half-years the rate has been 16 per cent. The fact of the bank being able to maintain this high rate of dividend in the face of all the disturbing influences which have been at work during the period embraced in the accounts speaks volumes for the care and efficiency of the management in South Africa, and reflects great credit upon the controlling powers on this side.



## UNION MORTGAGE OF AUSTRALIA.

This company has had to contend against a great many adverse circumstances in Australia during the past few years. The chairman, however, at the annual meeting of the company, held on the 27th ult., was able to congratulate the shareholders on the results shown by the accounts for last year, despite the fact that 1895 was one of great trial to all engaged in pastoral pursuits, owing to the protracted drought in Australia. After paying the interest on debenture stocks, the net profit for the year's working is £10,394. This, added to the amount of £8873 brought forward from last year, makes a total of £19,267, of which it is proposed to transfer £15,000 to reserve account and to carry forward £4267. The company has a good deal of leeway to make up, as the dividend on the preference share capital has been in arrear for some time. The chairman, however, spoke in a very hopeful strain of the future operations of the company, laying stress upon such important factors as the upward tendency of wool and the development of the frozen-meat industry.

## THE NEW YORK FAILURE.

The deplorable failure of Messrs. Hilton, Hughes, and Co., of New York, following hard after that of Messrs. Moore Brothers, of Chicago, calls attention once more to the difficulties which, even in retail trade, Protection has in competing with Free Trade. In Free-Trade London the numerous big drapery stores grow bigger and more numerous for the simple reason that buyers can get more for their money in London than in any other part of the world, and no inconsiderable portion of the handsome profits netted every year comes from the welcome dollars of American customers, whilst Mr. A. T. Stewart's splendid New York business has to close its doors and turn more than a thousand employes into the streets.

It is wise, though, not to forget that Mr. Stewart's wonderful success was largely due to his individual genius. Free Trade notwithstanding, whenever the canker of bad management gets into big businesses they will fail, and it is difficult to see how boards of directors can in the long run take the place of that marvellous individual control which characterised Mr. A. T. Stewart's business in the days of A. T. Stewart. He had a fixed hour for everyone, and to those fixtures he resolutely adhered. Every head of every department had his regular interview and his allotted number of minutes. If any single department was overstocked or under-staffed, or making a poor turnover, or receiving complaints from customers, or in any other way doing badly, Mr. Stewart had to be made acquainted with the matter—it could not be kept from him—and unless a remedy was promptly found, Mr. Stewart applied one himself, quietly—but trenchantly.

Of good Ulster extraction, with a strain of Quaker in his blood, Mr. A. T. Stewart began life with but little of this world's goods—a poor school-teacher—and it has been said that a small legacy from a relative in the North of Ireland was the foundation of his princely fortune. Having to go to Ireland to receive this modest sum of money, it was there suggested to him by his Quaker friends that he would improve his little capital and help to pay his travelling expenses if he took the money back to America in good Irish linens and lawns instead of in cash. The little venture proved so remunerative that it was repeated, and soon led to the establishment of a store, which gradually expanded into the great emporium which furnished its owner with capital for more daring enterprises, such as the buying up of all the disputed rights and interests in a much-litigated tract of land on Long Island, the building at his own expense of a branch line thereto and the erection thereon of a whole town. And this is the emporium which is now compelled to shut its doors in the face of its creditors. It is enough to make A. T. Stewart "squirm" in his unknown grave. It will be remembered that his body was stolen from the handsome mausoleum in which it was deposited and has never since been recovered.

## STOCK EXCHANGE REGULATIONS.

We presume that the new rules of the Stock Exchange which came into operation last September were intended rather for the protection of the public than for the purpose of saving promoters from the risks and expenses incidental to the familiar operation known as "rigging the market." It seems, however, that the practical effect of the rule is that promoters, to assist a flotation, can bid up shares to any premium they like without incurring the responsibility of a single penny. Our attention has been called to the fact that a company called the Princes Gold-Mines, Limited, which was publicly floated more than twelve months ago, the shares being bought and sold on the market for "the coming out" at from 25 to about 40 per cent. premium, has never obtained, or, so far as we can make out, even applied for, a settlement, nor, since its flotation, have the directors once thought proper to face their shareholders, the statutory meeting having been held apparently a few days after the company was registered. We think it right to call public attention to this matter, as we see that a new company brought out this week (the Dolcoath Gold-mining Company) has the same secretary, the same offices, and two of the same directors as those of the Princes Gold-Mines, Limited.

The Dunlop meeting went off yesterday "most politely, most politely," but we were glad to see that a certain courageous shareholder called Crocker told the chairman to his face what people are saying about the extraordinary delay in getting a special settlement. The chairman thanked Mr. Crocker for his candour. *The Sketch* does the same. It is most undesirable that behind their backs "nasty things" should be said about directors who have been the promoters, or in close contact with

the promoters, of a company. It is far more satisfactory that what has to be said should be said openly where it can be answered openly.

The Prospectors' Association, Limited, which brought out the Key of Komata, Limited, last July, is about to make a public issue of the Mount Margaret Reefs, Limited, which possesses a property near the celebrated Mount Margaret Reward Mine.

The tenders for the £400,000 Dover Harbour Debentures, which we mentioned favourably last week, amounted to £1,386,400, and the average price obtained was £106 12s. 8d. per cent.

## NEW ISSUES.

The following issues have come under our notice during the week—

The Golden Ridge (West Australia) Proprietary Company, Limited.—Not attractive.

The Mayflower Gold-Mine, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Golden Hex River Mines, Limited.—A somewhat feeble plant.

The Presto Stereotyping Machine and Matrix Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Dolcoath Gold-mining Company (Hauraki Peninsula, New Zealand), Limited.—To be avoided. (See "Notes.")

Saturday, Aug. 29, 1896.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W.—The property of Croydon Consols, Limited, consists of a twenty-acre lease known as "8, North Golden Gate," situate on the Croydon Goldfield in Queensland. It is a Queensland company, with a capital of £100,000 in 400,000 shares of 5s. each, some fully paid and some 4s. 6d. paid. The company was formed in June 1895. It has paid one dividend of 3d. The 5s. shares (4s. 6d. paid) are quoted at about 5s. 3d. to 5s. 9d. We think you might get many worse investments for your money.

DUNLOP TYRES.—Your undated letter did not reach us till days after last week's issue had gone to press. We should advise you to sell, if you can, but the issue has been rather "boycotted" as a protest against the delay in the original company's special settlement.

N. M.—Thank you for your letter and enclosure.

PERPETUAL.—We cannot account for your letter being returned marked "Not Known." The office of the Golden Valley Railway Company is still at No. 22, Great Winchester Street, E.C., on the third floor, the same offices as those of Mr. D. S. Derry, a chartered accountant. We are afraid your security is a bad one, as the Monmouth extension of the line (13½ miles long) has not yet been commenced, we understand, and the debenture interest on the original line of 18½ miles has not been paid since June 1889. Apparently the line does not pay its working expenses.

SOUTH-WEST.—(1) The only reason we know of is that the accounts from the mine are not considered very encouraging. You bought very high; but as you cannot get out without such a heavy loss, we are inclined to advise you to hold on for the present. (2) Both of these are considered good speculations to lock up; but it would be very risky to buy either at the end of August "for a quick and fair rise." It is a bad time of the year.

H. D. V.—We still think Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand are good, and advise you to hold on. It is reported that New Court is interested in them. As the company was only registered on Feb. 22 last, it is a little premature to expect a very free market.

J. H.—(1) No. Too big. Heavy debenture debt. (2) No. Quoted ¼ discount to par, but there is no business doing in them.

SYNTAX.—(1) We think it is a good mine, and we think it is a good price. We do not think much of the list you suggest. It is not a good time of the year to look for quick rises. (2) Hold for the present. (3) Denver and Rio Grande is regarded as a "Silver" line that ought to improve, even if Mr. Bryan gets in; but it is more than likely that it would fall to pieces with the rest in the financial panic which would follow a Silverite victory. It is better to send very long and elaborate inquiries as early in the week as possible. Your letter reached us in the middle of a Stock Exchange Pay-day.

S. J. C.—We think 15s. is a good profit on a £1 share.

EMORA.—We do not think the statement you refer to is reliable. Where did you see it? It is thought in the market that the price will improve, but it is very high even now.

FACTA.—(1) If you send us the prospectus, we will ask a legal friend of ours what he thinks. The gentleman you mention is, we believe, the chairman of the company. There is no market for the shares here. (2) We think, as the amount is small, you had better write it off as a bad debt; but if you like to send us the papers, with a fee of 6s. 8d., we will ask the solicitor mentioned above to see if he can get back any of the money. It is rather like trying "to get butter out of a dog's throat," is it not? (3) We do not recommend Ginsbergs. Chartered are rather attractive as a pure gamble, but it is hard work gambling against those who not only shuffle, cut, and deal, but also have power to capsize the table should the run of the cards be very unsatisfactory. (4) We think Home Rails are high enough.

DAN.—Certainly our remarks did not apply to the company of which you now send us the prospectus. The latter has no market, and is quite unknown in the Stock Exchange. From the prospectus (which we have returned to you) we should regard it as a very "shy" concern.